BRITANNIA and EVE

AUGUST 1949

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By JACK MATTHEW

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 39 No. 2 AUGUST, 1949

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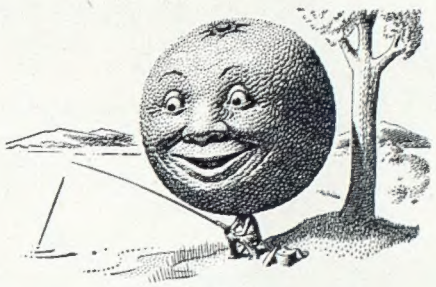
I did, said the Fisherman



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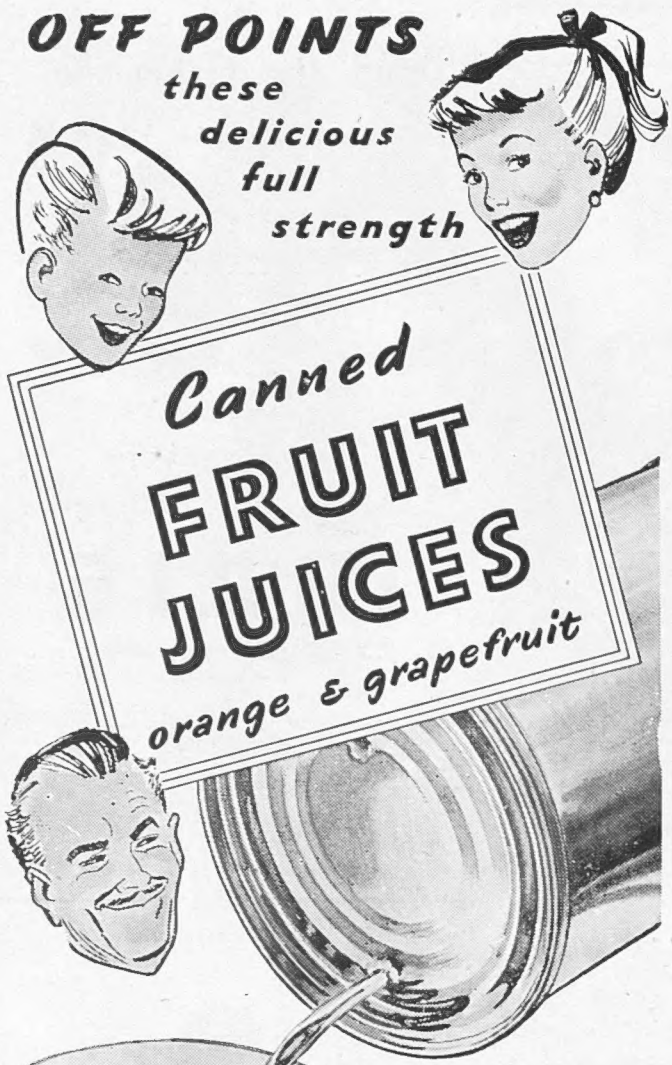

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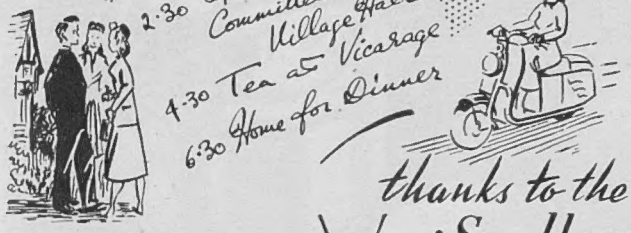

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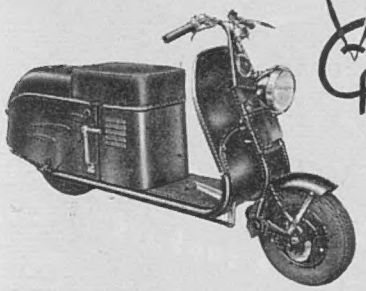

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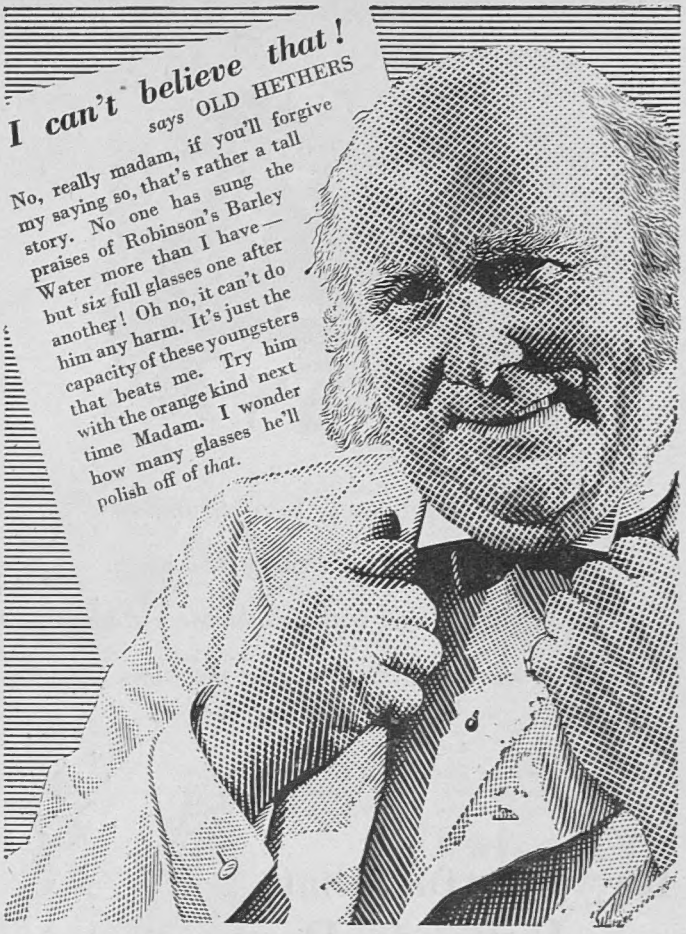

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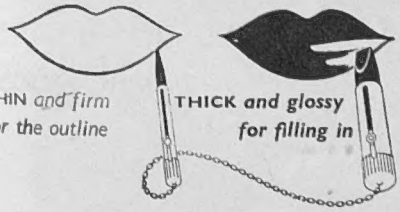

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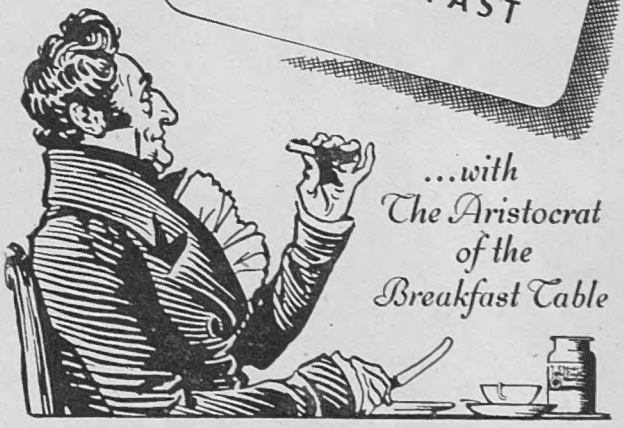

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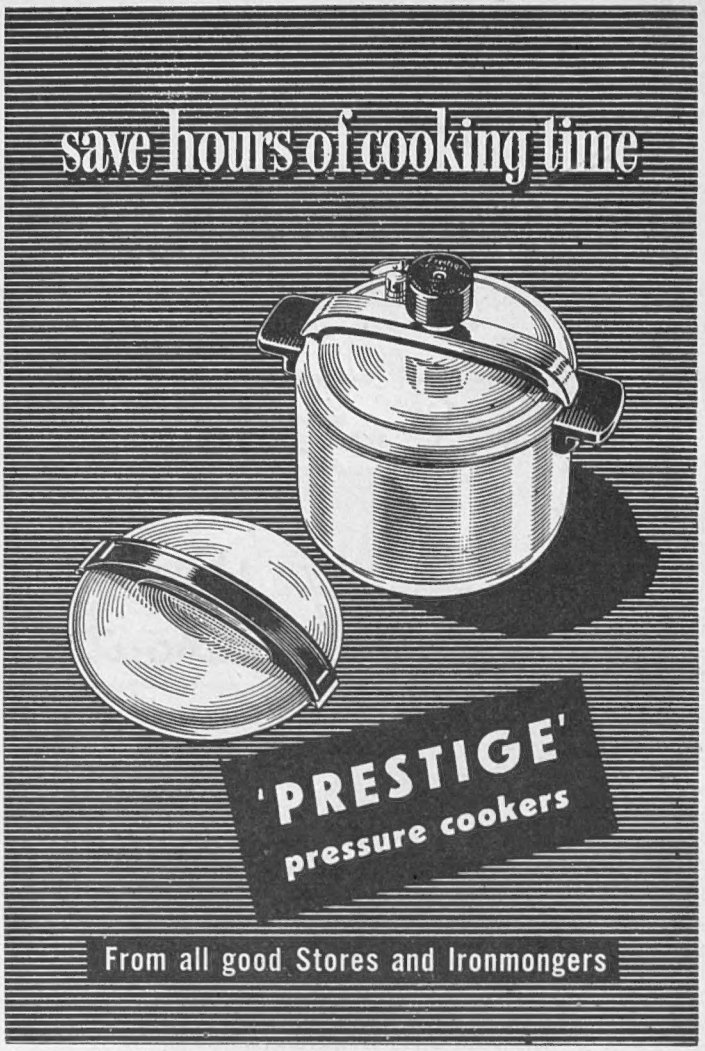

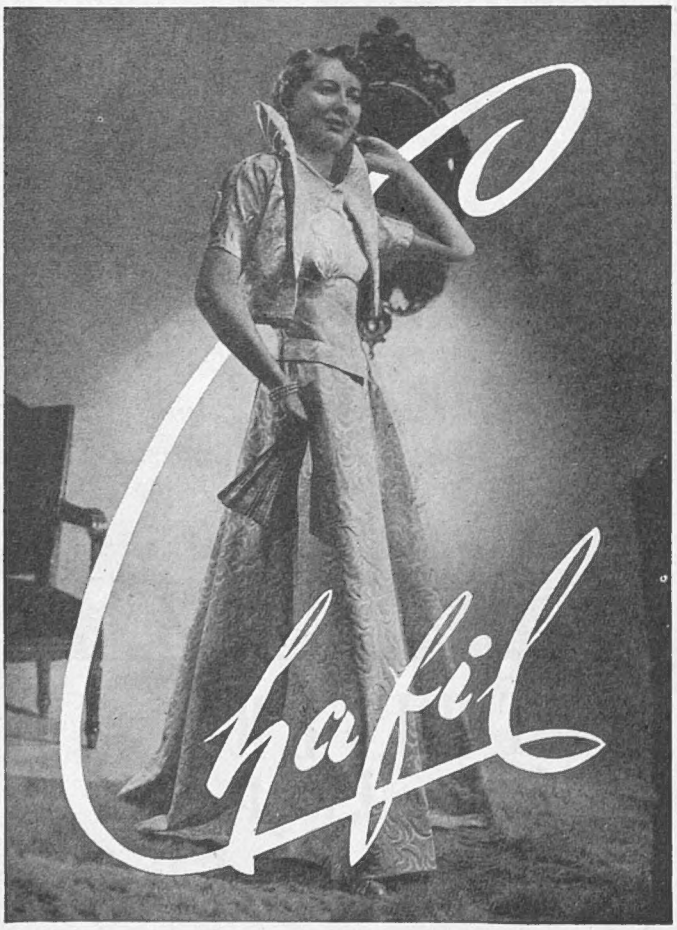

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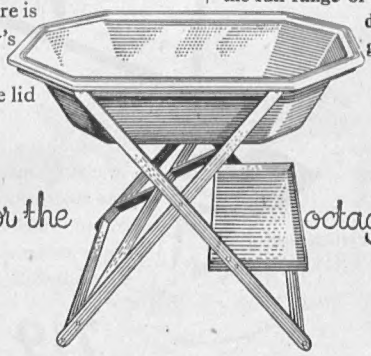

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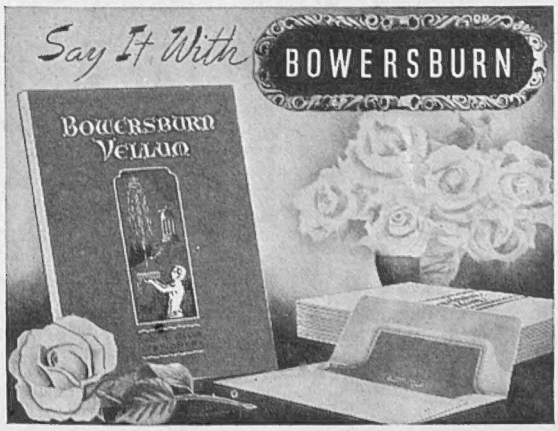

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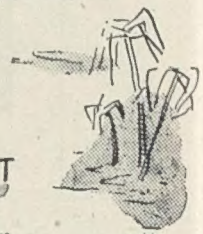

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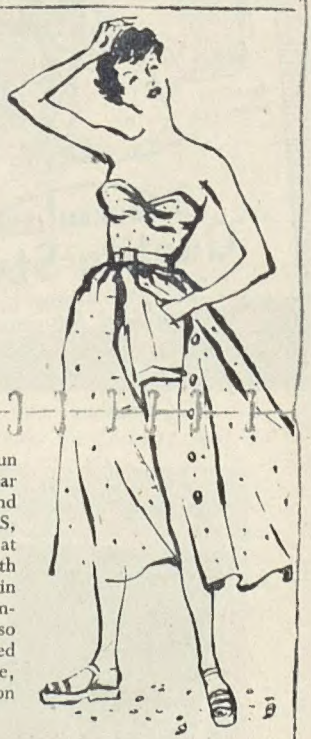
fashion diary for 1949

Here's to this year's beach wear!



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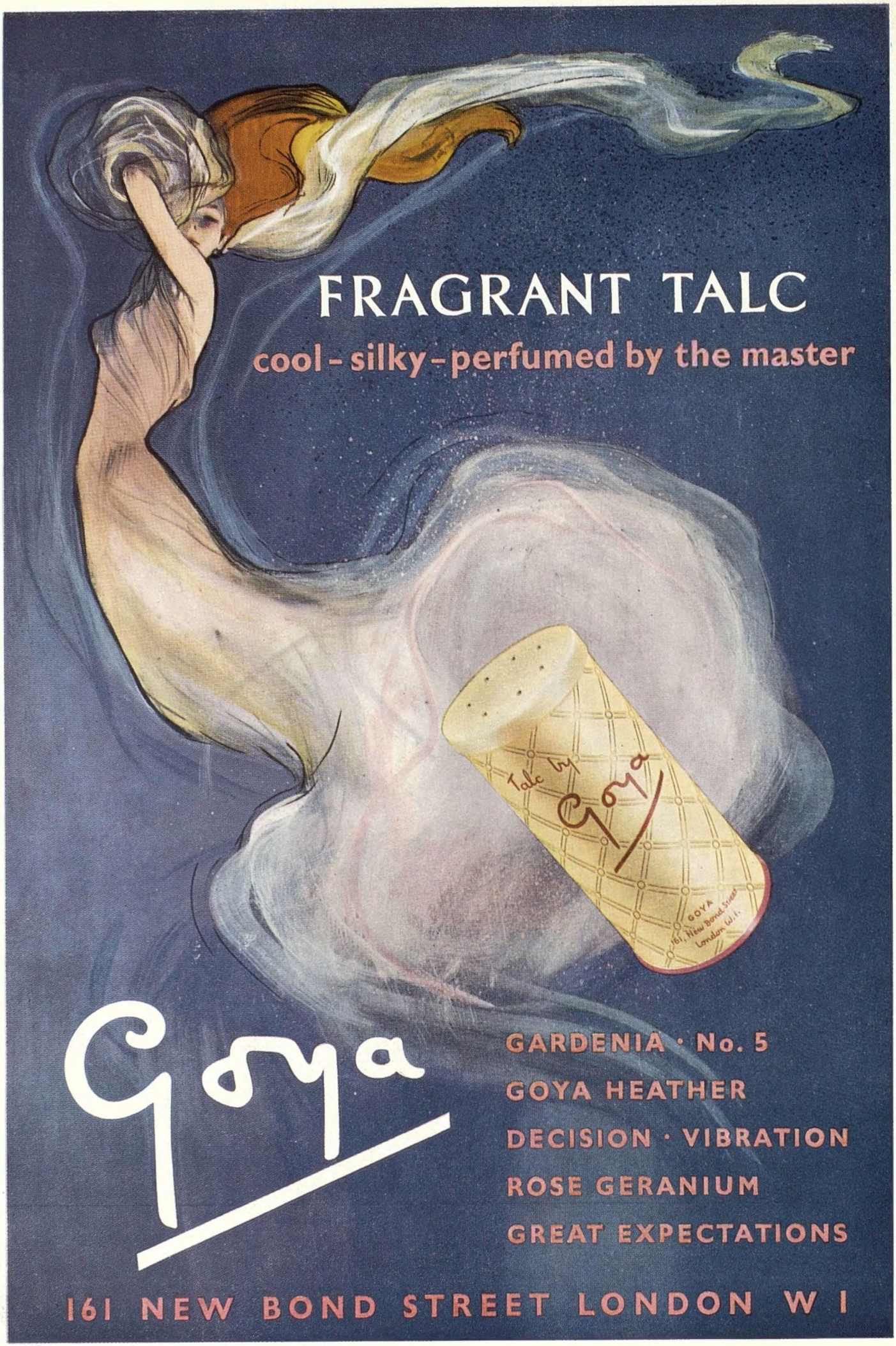
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He was a lean, tall man wearing a belted white raincoat and a blue beret, and he was looking hard at Jenny. Hal turned to Jenny and said, "Dear, someone seems to know you"

Mask of Marriage

A Short Story

by

Barry Perowne

THE boat express was sliding into Paris, and in a corner seat of a first-class compartment a slender, dark, attractive girl was gazing from the window. In the seat facing her, a long, loose-limbed man of thirty-one, with blond hair, grey eyes and a brown, rather impassive face, was gazing at the girl. The man's name was Hal Kegan. He was a bank clerk and a good tennis player. At the moment he was wondering what the girl's thoughts were. He was trying to imagine how it must feel to her to be returning, after several years, to a city where in wartime she had carried out a clandestine intelligence mission.

The girl turned from the window and he met her brown, reflective eyes. "Nearly there," she said, with a smile.

"Nearly there, Jenny," said Hal, and flicked back his cuff to look at his watch. "Running on time, too."

Jenny turned again to the window, as though she couldn't bear to miss a single nuance of the summer sunset now painting Paris with rose and lavender. She had been educated in France, there was a French *chic* about her, and she was bilingual. But she wasn't French; she was the daughter of a British Consular official.

Hal knew that the last time a train had brought her into Paris she had been in company with a career Secret Service man called Simon Odeyne. They had been parachuted 100 miles away, in unfrequented country. Odeyne's brief had been to co-ordinate a Paris intelligence network; Jenny's to handle his courier and cypher traffic. Since they had had to work closely together, they had used a man-and-wife cover story, operating for sixteen months as "Monsieur and Mme. Prémont."

To Hal Kegan, Jenny's wartime mission seemed sheer melodrama. His own military service had been pretty humdrum. The bank was pretty humdrum, too. Nothing exciting had ever happened to him—except Jenny Wetherill. He had met her first when, just after the war, she had joined the bank's foreign correspondence section. The only time she ever had spoken a word to him about her war experience was when he had asked her to marry him. She had given him, then, a brief idea of her sixteen secret months in Paris.

Of Odeyne, she had said only, "It was a cover-story 'marriage,' Hal—nothing more."

Because he was intensely proud of her, Hal secretly had got together cuttings of every newspaper story that ever had appeared about her; there had been quite a number, for she had been awarded some rather impressive decorations. There never was a word about Odeyne in such stories. Secret Service was his career; as a professional, he was soft-pedalled.

JENNY and Hal had been married now for two years, and all this past year Hal had been worried about her. She had seemed curiously preoccupied. Also, he had noticed that she had taken to reading every scrap of news about Paris. He had sensed in her a growing nostalgia for the place, and it had made him uneasy. She never spoke about Paris, or the things that had happened to her there, and he couldn't imagine just what it all meant to her.

All he knew was that he loved her deeply and that he was growing to dread

The man in the beret, still leaning against the tree-trunk, drew an automatic from the breast of his jacket. Through the screening foliage, he sighted upward at the back of Odeyne's head

the very thought of Paris, almost as though somehow it held the power to take her from him. When he had caught himself brewing up that kind of fixation, he had decided it was high time he did something about it; and feeling that Paris was an issue, a kind of test, that sooner or later must be faced if ever they were to reach sure ground, he himself had suggested it for their holiday.

Every time he remembered the gratitude in her eyes when he had made the suggestion, he felt uneasier than ever.

And now they were here.

The boat express steamed in, with a deafening, hollow roar, under the lofty roof and flashing lights of the Gare St. Lazare. While the train was still moving, leather-belted porters swung aboard and came tramping along the corridor. One of them slammed back the door of the compartment and shouted at Hal.

Jenny said, "He wants to know if we have registered luggage, Hal."

"Oh, that," said Hal, and produced the receipt. He let Jenny instruct the porter; her Parisian accent made him slightly self-conscious about his own French, which actually wasn't bad at all.

Glancing at Jenny as they walked together in the stream of passengers along the platform, he thought that he had never seen her looking so excited, so alive, so lovely. It seemed to him quite incredible that she ever could have done the things he knew she had done—incredible that to her and Simon Odeyne, arriving here with forged documents and straight from a clandestine parachute drop, this station must have been once a potential death-trap.

The porter had gone ahead with the luggage receipt. He was waiting for them outside the clearance room, and Jenny went into conference with him. Hal hadn't been in Paris since he had spent a fortnight here when he was eighteen, and he looked about with interest. Everywhere were brightly-lit buffet bars, all crowded, and at small tables before the café under the station roof people were degusting oysters from the half-shell and drinking white wine. Passengers were streaming past to the suburban trains; and one of these passengers checked so suddenly that Hal noticed him.

He was a lean, tall man wearing a belted white raincoat and a blue beret, and he was looking hard at Jenny. Neon lights pulsing down from the roof gave a bluish pallor to his keen, intent face. Recognition came so unmistakably into his expression that Hal turned to Jenny and said, "Dear, someone seems to know you."

"Who?" she said eagerly. "Show me."

Hal turned, expecting to see the man in the white raincoat approaching them, but he wasn't. The crowd was streaming on past, and Hal glanced first up the steps leading to train-level, then back towards the entrance.

"Queer," he said. "Thin air."

"You must have been mistaken," said Jenny, and she looked disappointed for a moment, then she put a hand in his. "I wonder if anyone *will* remember me—any of the old 'Prémont' network crowd? I haven't kept in touch. I used to think I just wanted to forget it all, but——"

In his heart Hal wished she could have gone on thinking just that, but he wished something even more. He wished her to be happy.

"They'll remember you, too," he said. "Weren't you the king-pin?"

"Not I," said Jenny. "Simon Odeyne was."

She turned back to the porter, and Hal took another quick, unobtrusive look round for that man in the white raincoat. He didn't know that he liked that incident any too well. It was a bit queer.

IT could be a bit queer, sometimes, being married to a heroine, anyway; it could give you a queer feeling now and then. Hal felt this when they entered the foyer of the little hotel, on the Quai Voltaire, on which for some reason Jenny had set her mind.

It was a dim, old-fashioned foyer, all wickerwork chairs and potted palms; and as they entered, Jenny looked with bright, expectant eyes at the woman behind the reception desk. The woman's smile was merely formal, and again Hal saw disappointment in Jenny's expression.

"Where are Monsieur and Mme. Rignon?" she asked.

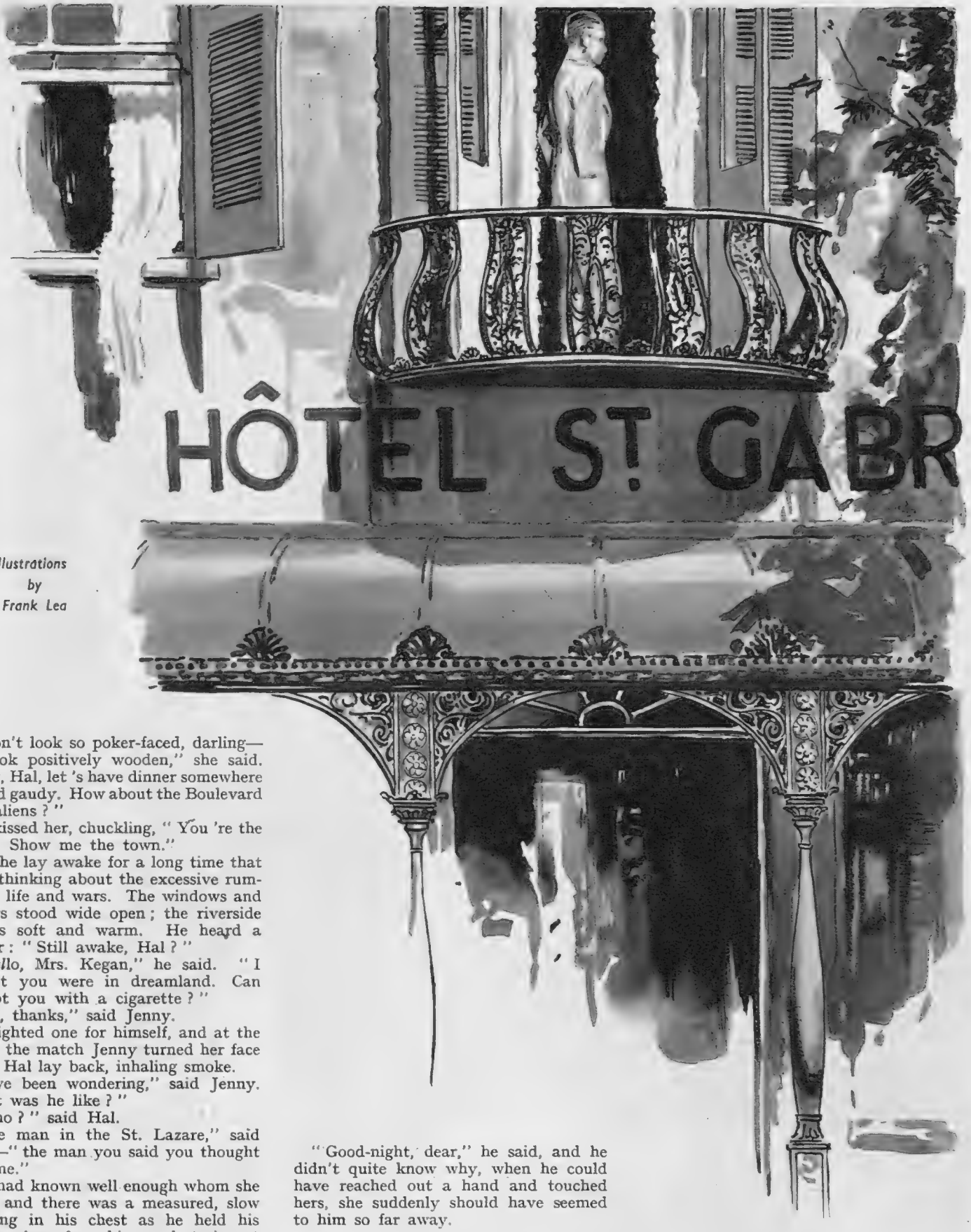
"The Rignons?" said the woman, staring. "Gone these three years, madame. The hotel is under new management."

Upstairs, in their room, Hal said quietly, "Old friends, Jenny?"

"Old friends and good ones," said Jenny. She was brushing her hair, and her hand became still and she gazed into the mirror, seeing scenes he couldn't share. He heard her draw in her breath slowly, and she said, "I wonder what's become of them, Hal? This place was one of our safest letter-boxes."

Hal sat down on one of the twin beds and looked soberly round the faded, comfortable room with its shuttered windows that opened on the Seine. Somehow her words had made this poky little hotel mysterious for him, invested it with an atmosphere of intrigues and evasions, made him think again about that man in the white raincoat . . .

Jenny glanced round, her hairbrush poised. She smiled and came and sat beside him, tucking an arm in his.



Illustrations by Frank Lea

" Don't look so poker-faced, darling—you look positively wooden," she said. " Look, Hal, let 's have dinner somewhere gay and gaudy. How about the Boulevard des Italiens ? "

He kissed her, chuckling, " You 're the guide. Show me the town."

But he lay awake for a long time that night, thinking about the excessive rumness of life and wars. The windows and shutters stood wide open ; the riverside air was soft and warm. He heard a whisper : " Still awake, Hal ? "

" *Hallo,* Mrs. Kegan," he said. " I thought you were in dreamland. Can I tempt you with a cigarette ? "

" No, thanks," said Jenny.

He lighted one for himself, and at the flare of the match Jenny turned her face away. Hal lay back, inhaling smoke.

" I 've been wondering," said Jenny. " What was he like ? "

" Who ? " said Hal.

" The man in the St. Lazare," said Jenny—" the man you said you thought knew me."

Hal had known well enough whom she meant, and there was a measured, slow thumping in his chest as he held his cigarette away from him, and staring at its red dot in the dark, meticulously described the man.

Jenny lay silent. The lights of a late car, humming by along the Quai Voltaire, wheeled over the ceiling. Hal propped himself on an elbow to stub out his cigarette, and he peered over at Jenny's bed.

" How about it ? " he said. " The description mean anything ? "

" No," Jenny said slowly, " I don't know anyone like that." He heard her turn on her side, away from him. " Good-night, Hal."

" Good-night, dear," he said, and he didn't quite know why, when he could have reached out a hand and touched hers, she suddenly should have seemed to him so far away.

HE had the same sense of her remoteness, her preoccupation, as next morning they walked slowly along the Boulevard St. Germain. The café awnings trembled in visible currents of heat, the trees drooped, passing cars flashed, with yipping horns, and the gendarmes' whistles shrilled.

Jenny hadn't named any particular destination, but he felt that she had one. As they turned up the Boulevard St. Michel, busy with shopping women carrying yard-long loaves under their arms, he had the impression that she was trying to reach some decision. Stopping to look into shop windows, she wasn't really seeing anything ; she was prevaricating with herself.

" Hal," she said, at last, " I 've never told you about Mère Raymonde, have I ? "

" No," said Hal.

" Without her," said Jenny, " there could have been no ' Prémont ' network. Her place was our chief rendezvous and hide-out. It was the heart of the web. She ran every kind of risk for us. Her cellar was our sanctuary—our hospital,

too, more than once. She never failed us. She—she was the mother of us all."

He said gently, " Perhaps you 'd rather go to see her alone ? "

" No," said Jenny, " I want you to come."

He guessed why she had been hesitating. She had a dread of finding Mère Raymonde gone, as the Rignons had been gone. But when, in a maze of ancient, narrow streets behind the Pantheon, they came to a cobbled, unfrequented alley, there was that alias, " Prémont," staring at them from a painted signboard projecting above a window :

VINS ET CHARBONS
CAFÉ DU RESEAU PRÉMONT

Jenny stood quite still, gazing up at it. Her eyes were shining. " It was called the Café Pot-au-Feu," she said. " She 's renamed it, for *us* ! She 's here ! "

She ran forward, slim in her summer frock, hatless, her handbag under her arm, and Hal saw the bead curtain in the doorway swing to behind her. Sunshine throbbed up from the cobbles ; the alley was silent. The little wineshop, for which obscurity had been once the only safety, now proudly (*Continued on page* 50)

Odeyne straightened up from the fallen man's side, and Hal felt a vague surprise to see that Simon Odeyne was at least forty, with a haggard, hard, dark face and blue, cold eyes

Serving spiced buns and ale at the Stationers' Hall on Ash Wednesday. Alderman John Norton made a bequest in 1612 for this Lenten repast to be celebrated each year

Millions Of Idle Money

By Guy Livingston

LYING in Britain's banks to-day are huge sums of money that is no longer doing its job. Funds from ancient and obsolete charities have piled up, it is estimated, into millions of pounds for which no use is being found, nor can be found until the law is changed. This strange state of affairs was revealed recently in the House of Lords, and the whole matter is likely to be investigated soon by a Royal Commission.

There is a strong feeling that all this idle money should be made to pull its weight and that old charity bequests for special purposes that no longer apply should be revised to fit in with twentieth-century needs. If, as Lord Beveridge points out, such funds could be diverted to more practical aims, many worthy bodies now suffering through lack of means could make a bigger contribution in the sphere of organized voluntary action for social welfare, in which there are many opportunities for supplementing the various State schemes.

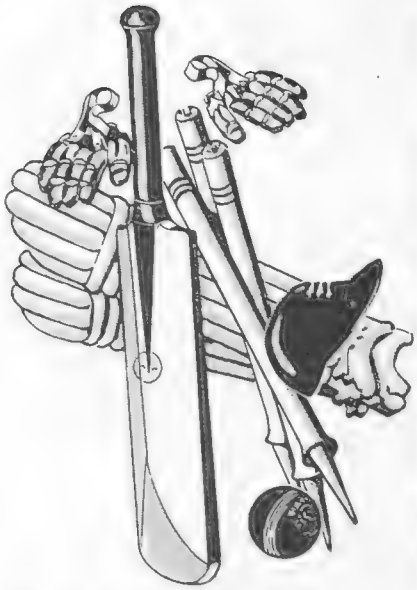
BY a coincidence, the public eye was on charities and their administration just a century ago. It was in 1849, after several Parliamentary inquiries, that a Royal Commission was appointed to look into the anachronisms, anomalies and general mismanagement that then prevailed in the philanthropic field, and the Charity Commission that was set up, as a result of their findings, in 1853 has been functioning ever since. Charged with the general supervision of endowed charities and with ensuring the proper investment and handling of funds, the Commissioners are also expected to see that bequests for obsolete purposes are turned over to new and more suitable uses. But their powers are limited. They cannot re-apply such bequests unless asked by the trustees, and before taking action in the case of funds that are being misused they must be formally notified by an interested person. The only sphere in which they are not concerned is that of educational trusts, which are now the care of the Ministry of Education.

With their carefully curbed authority—the laudable intention being always to avoid the imputation of "snooping" into the activities of private bodies—the Commissioners may at times find themselves handicapped in their work. Although they are supposed to receive annual reports of all charities, they do not in fact do so; and consequently they remain officially ignorant of many bequests. To-day there are said to be thousands of obsolete trusts of which the Commissioners have no official knowledge. Nevertheless, they have plenty of work on hand, for to their offices off Piccadilly come perpetual requests from trustees for the alteration of trusts that can no longer be applied.

Preoccupation with the subject of charities has naturally much increased during the last century, when sweeping social changes (*Continued on page* 56)

(*Below*) Jonathan How, a seventeenth-century Guildford man, stipulated in his will that two domestic servants should throw dice annually for his charity. Two maids throwing dice for the legacy

In the churchyard of St. Bartholomew-the-Great, Smithfield, an ancient ceremony is observed every Good Friday. Twenty-one poor women of the parish attend and pick sixpences from one of the tombstones. The origin of this custom is not known but it is said that the money was originally left by a woman for masses for her soul



The £.s.d

MORE books about cricket have been written than about any other British sport. The value of pictures and prints concerning cricket is as great as, if not greater than, the value of pictures and prints of horse racing, yet nobody has ever suggested holding an exhibition of cricket pictures.

Purses for prize fighters figure prominently in the news and the cost of the transfer of a professional footballer is a frequent headline, yet the cost of cricket is never mentioned, despite the fact that cricket is really closer entwined in our lives than football.

Cricketers are fiercely territorial, but followers of county cricket are unable to accompany "their" team across Britain to see it play a three-day match. Thus the "gates" of first-class cricket matches are vastly inferior to football "gates."

Frost is the enemy both of football and horse racing and causes cancellation of matches and meetings. But cricket! Rain spells ruination to cricket matches; no game is such a sport of the elements, and not rain alone; bad light is another enemy—and yet there is a "boom" in cricket.

1948 was a fairly good season, despite the wet summer. What will 1949 be like? Will it see the boom move forward, or will there be a return towards the pre-war slump?

The cost of cricket has increased, like everything else. The increase affects every cricketer, from a member of a small club to the player of first-class county cricket.

In 1939 the cost of a first-class cricket bat was 24s. To-day the cost of the same bat, including tax, is 69s. 2d., an increase of nearly three times. I would not be surprised if there is a further increase, because the willow trees which provide the wood for the best bats grow in Essex, and these trees have been affected with a disease which has caused a number of them to be destroyed.

The most famous cricket ground in the world. Spectators use the boundary rope as a clothes line to dry their coats in the sun after a heavy shower during the 1948 Test Match at Lord's, England v. Australia

Your football club can start a game with a ball and two sets of goal posts, but have you ever thought of the number of appliances necessary to the game and play of cricket?

Let us take a first-class county club. A cricket ball for county cricket used to cost 13s. 3d.; to-day such a ball costs 36s. 6d. A five ounce ball for ladies' matches costs six shillings less.

The top price for a set of stumps used to be, in 1939, 15s. To-day they rate 21s. 6d., not such a great increase, not like bails, which have jumped from 1s. 6d. (top price) to 3s. 9d.

Then you have gloves, caps (these two items, plus balls cost Surrey County Cricket Club £252 16s. 6d. in 1947, the last season for which figures are available); gauntlets, leg guards, shoes, shin guards, protectors against fast bowling; umpires' coats, tape measures, horse boots (horses draw cricket-pitch rollers); cricket bags, cricket nets, white canvas screens, score books, telegraph plates, telegraph boards, crease marking frames, wicket definers, and then, of course, flannels and blazers; so,

Of Cricket

Cricket at Canterbury. A week of cricket in August at this famous ground is delightful if the weather is fine. The match in progress is that of Kent v. Hampshire, which was the benefit match for L. E. G. Ames in 1948

The Cost Of Cricket Has Increased, Like Everything Else. The Increase Affects Every Cricketer, From The Member Of A Small Club To The Player Of First-Class County Cricket

By Harry J. Greenwall

you see? Cricket costs money, lots and lots of money.

Where does the money come from to buy all the paraphernalia of first-class cricket? Part of it, quite a lot of it comes out of your pocket. Before the first World War a humble "tanner" admitted you to Lord's or the Oval and for that sixpence you obtained a free seat. Now admission costs you 1s. 6d.; there still are free seats.

Let us examine the receipts of a first-class county club. It is hard to take an average, because some counties attract a good "gate" and others do not, and rain—well, I've told you what rain does to cricket matches, so think of the financial loss it entails.

Yes, the figures of the "gates" are among the imponderables, one cannot explain them. When in 1946 Derbyshire played Surrey at the Oval the "gate" for the full match was £328 0s. 9d. In 1947 the same match drew £1,038 10s. 9d.

Here are some figures of the match "gates" at the Oval and the cost of same :

	"Gate"	Expense
Surrey *v.* Middlesex	£4,078	£359
Surrey *v.* Yorkshire	£2,857	£429
Surrey *v.* Kent	£3,071	£497
Surrey *v.* Oxford Un.	£148	£116
Surrey *v.* Notts.	£2,574	£400
Surrey *v.* Somerset	£596	£384

It will be seen that while handsome profits are made on the big "gates," the match expenses are approximately the same whatever the "gate" realizes.

Now take the Test Matches. Last year the Oval Test Match attendance was 32,000. There were 2,500 free seats, that is to say for those who paid 1s. 6d. admission; the Members Stand holds 3,000 and the other stands 5,600 which accounts for 11,100 people per day, which would mean 33,300 for three days, but the total attendance was 32,000, therefore, despite the Test attraction, the Oval was not actually filled to capacity.

What do people expect when they go to see county cricket? According to some of the secretaries to whom I have talked, it is astonishing how many of the spectators know little or nothing about the game. Many go to see fast bowlers; "they like to see the wickets fly" I was told. Others go (*Continued on page* 56)

A view of the Oval from the air. The upkeep of this ground is the most expensive of any cricket ground in Britain. And yet the rent of the ground is only £16 per week, £832 per year

The San Salvatore Experiment

By Kenneth Ullyett

PAUL LARTHE, Stefan Descartes and "Franky" Schweidt do not carry any of the usual earmarks of heroes. Yet every day they wind their way up Thunder Mountain, never knowing for certain if there will be a safe return to their pink-and-white chalets, their prim *pensions* and the sedate Japonica-festooned villas they know as Home.

You see, they are working on an experiment, the ultimate outcome of which will be a victory for science, and as scientists have been a rather discredited section of the human race since the discovery of the atomic bomb, you may not feel much sympathy with these three Swiss scientists merely by virtue of their calling.

Yet their San Salvatore Experiment is one which, at any moment, may end in victory or in sudden death. Every day or every night before their tour of duty is finished, they risk death as sudden, as complete as the blast of any atomic bomb. The penalty for any error in the San Salvatore Experiment is death by lightning flash.

Larthe, Descartes and Schweidt are among the team-leaders of electronic pioneers who risk their lives in the "Franklin cage" (a copper-tape-lined room) in a white stone villa built on a crag near the summit of Mont San Salvatore, overlooking Lake Lugano, Switzerland. From the mountain peak they have raised a metal pipe on a wooden tower, high into the skies. It is struck by lightning, sometimes many times each hour.

"The lightning is controlled," they told me. "The villa is on a shunt circuit, and only a fraction of the mighty electric power of Nature is piped indoors to be measured. There is no real danger. . . ."

Nevertheless, many of us in safe jobs would not willingly exchange for one which may end so swiftly, at any moment, if the lightning flash does not strike where it is predicted; if it is more powerful than was anticipated.

I found my mouth dry, my hands clammy, as I left the car and walked up the cinder track the last hundred yards or so to the villa on the crag. Within a few yards of the "Zone," as they call the area around the skyscraping pipe, the trees are green and the blossom fresh in the mountain air. The steel pipe conducts the lightning discharge away so that trees are seldom blasted.

Here we are only 2,100 feet above the Lake, Lugano itself being a thousand feet above sea-level. The clouds come up suddenly, swirling and closing the mountain peak in darkness. Biggest flashes sometimes spring from the warm, clear, over-dry air, when there are no clouds as warnings.

Many months of "strikes" in the Zone itself have left it bleak. If you turn your back for a moment on the green shrubs of San Salvatore you get the impression that the Zone is something carved out of a cruel, Wellsian world. Or maybe it is a deserted oil-town, where the derrick engineers have gone long since, leaving the hulk of crazy derelict engineering.

The chief tool of the San Salvatore experiment is an untidy-looking wooden structure sixty metres (approximately 197 feet) high, supported by guy wires. To prevent these wires being struck and burned out by lightning, forty-foot long wooden insulators are inserted. Pointing skywards from the top of the wooden lattice tower is the pipe itself, thirty-three feet high, making the total height over 200 feet from the top of San Salvatore.

Odd-looking spirals of copper tape stand out from the rods and wires. "Those are the arcing horns," M. Breguet explained to me. "It would be too dangerous to insulate the tower entirely, as one extra-large flash might burn everything out. So we fit a safety valve.

"These arcing-horns are set to a gap of ten feet, and if the storm is fierce the flash can jump that gap between the copper spirals instead of blasting the Zone."

I went inside the villa to see the (*Continued on page* 62)

Mont San Salvatore overlooking Lake Lugano, Switzerland. In a white stone villa built on a crag near the summit of this mountain the power of a lightning flash is measured

MR. FLOCKHART began to enjoy himself. "Perchance our Radley is in love." The Sixth tittered dutifully; it all passed the time

Where Angels Fear . . .

It's Not What We Do In This World, It's What People Say We Do

By Hilton Brown

MR. FLOCKHART, lean, pale and going a little too bald for his age, was taking the Sixth in Catullus. He said suddenly:

"Stop there a minute, Compton . . . Radley!"

Radley's start was convulsive.

"Yessir!"

"Just go on from there, will you."

Radley scrambled to his feet, thinking desperately. "From where?" He was a good-looking boy, seventeen, dark-haired, dark-eyed, with colour in his cheeks. It was enhanced at this moment by embarrassment.

"Yes, sir. . . . Er—er——"

"Don't mind *us*," said Mr. Flockhart with dangerous kindness, "Take your time . . . we were endeavouring to translate a poem, a rather pleasant poem, called 'Septimius and Acme.' If that's any help to you."

Steele, sitting on Radley's left, ran a too conspicuous thumbnail along the page in front of him. Radley burst out eagerly, "*At Acme leviter*——" But Mr. Flockhart had seen; he always saw everything.

"Alas! Steele—too late. Radley, you were asleep."

"No, sir."

"What then? A coma? Or haply——" Mr. Flockhart began to enjoy himself. "'*Septimius*'," he read from the poem, "'*suos amores tenens in gremio*'; Septimius cherishing his passions in his bosom. . . . Perchance our Radley is in love?" The Sixth tittered dutifully; it all passed the time. "*Are* you in love, Radley?"

"Oh, no sir!"

"Dear me! Just sleepy. . . . Well, go on, Compton, with your inspired rendering."

Radley sat down sheepishly; the diligent Compton—he was Head of Flockhart's House—proceeded; "'*At Acme leviter caput reflectens*'; but Acme, lightly bending back her head and—and—er—kissing, sir?"

"Kissing, Compton. Why not? They do, you know."

"Yes, sir. . . . And kissing the drunken eyes of the sweet boy with that purple mouth——"

"M'm? I don't like 'drunken.' And 'purple' for 'purpureo'? *You* wouldn't call a girl's mouth *purple*. . . ."

But Radley was staring at the page in

front of him. "Lightly bending back her head"; my God! he thought, that's *just* like Dolly. That's what she does. He glanced up at the thin ascetic face of his Housemaster. Swine! he thought; ragging me like that in form. But I don't care what you do. It's half-past three now; in two hours it'll be half-past five. And *then*. . . .

Kissing the drunken eyes of the sweet boy with that purple mouth. Oh, I say! She *couldn't*. Or—could she?

AMONG the many efficiencies of Mr. Flockhart's House was an office called—because one had to be Classical at all costs—"Lictor." It was held in succession by the House prefects; tenure was a month at a time. Radley was the only person who had held it twice in one year. This distinction he had actually sought.

There was normally no acute competition for the Lictorship, which was accounted a nuisance and a bore. It involved a number of petty supervisions—looking after fires, drawing curtains, issuing stationery and library books, keeping the prefects' room tidy. But it also involved, six days in the week, getting on a bicycle and going down to the village of Chickfield to collect Mr. Flockhart's evening paper. In the spacious days before the war and before the peace, Close, the Chickfield newsagent—also sweets and tobacco—had "delivered"; like many other tradesmen, he had been obliged to announce that this practice must cease. Mr. Flockhart didn't want to go for his evening paper himself; he didn't want to do without it. It became, therefore, a nice job for the Lictor.

Radley, in his first Lictorship—which began in November—had not regarded it as a nice job at all; he regarded it as a bind. Pedalling his way into Chickfield that first evening, he had grumbled and cursed continuously. Close's shop had an automatic bell on the door; Radley thrust his way in with such violence that the bell went off like a mine exploding. He crashed into the little shop and found himself in the soft glow of a red-shaded lamp, looking at a girl.

"Can I have Mr. Flockhart's *Dispatch*, please?"

The girl patted her hair; she had a lot of hair elaborately "done." She smiled.

"If you haven't knocked the house down. You *are* in a hurry." She didn't drop her "h's"; but you felt she might.

"Well. . . . I've got to get back."

"Poor boy! What'll happen if you're late? Whacks?"

"No. Of course not. But it's a beastly cold night."

"It's warm in here."

"Yes, but I can't stay here."

"Isn't that just *too* bad." Her sarcasm was as heavily underlined as her perm and her make-up. But she folded the newspaper slowly and carefully, eyeing him the while. Her thought was—he's a pretty boy; nice! "Here's your paper."

"Er—thanks." But for some reason he lingered.

She watched him curiously and said in a mincing imitation of the shopwalker, "And will there be anything else to-day, sir?" Then she added more naturally, "Would you like a bar of chocolate? I could give you one."

"You shouldn't," said Radley virtuously, "Not without coupons."

"Oh—shouldn't!" She tossed her head (*leviter caput reflectens?*) "What's 'shouldn't'?"

Radley picked up the paper. "Well—good evening."

"Oh, good *evening*." But she was laughing at him. "Mind you run straight home now or teacher'll be angry."

He went out slamming the door. He didn't like her at all.

WHO that is wisest among us knows just where and how the young male mind will first become conscious of Beauty? And who can say in what guise the goddess will first appear; at what beacon of attractions, desirable or otherwise, the fatal brand will first be lit? Radley himself, cycling in night after night to Chickfield, couldn't have told you. On that first evening he had disliked Dolly Close very cordially; she had laughed at him and he hated being laughed at. One was a House-prefect after all; oh, it wasn't much but it was—something; something that shouldn't meet with half-contemptuous ridicule from a girl in a village shop. And mixed with rancour was humiliation and the more bitter draught of envy; *she* was free, she wasn't tied down by the hundred-and-one absurd and irksome regulations of School. "Mind you run straight home or teacher'll be angry"; there was enough truth in that jeer to get under one's skin and sting. He went back the second night resolved to put her very firmly in her place. But he didn't put her in her place. She said:

"Hallo, you! Back again?"

He said—as he had not at all intended to say: "I'll be back every night. For a month."

"That *will* be nice." More sarcasm, of course. But she had pretty hands, he saw, folding Floxy's newspaper; her nails were crimson-varnished but the red-shaded lamp toned them down to a sort of chocolate. She had dark eyes; the lamp roused something in them.

"If you're going to be a regular," she said, "you'd

Illustrations by S. Tresilian

better tell me your name. Mine's Dolly."

"Dolly Close?"

"'Course. Mr. Close is my dad, I'm keeping shop because he's at the Rose and Crown. Always is, evenings. . . . Well, come on; tell me your name."

"Radley."

"That's what they call you in the school. What else?"

"Er—Claud." He hated and loathed the name Claud; he blushed as he said it. But her reaction was satisfactory.

"I like Claud. It's nice."

"I don't. It's beastly."

"Well, what *would* you like?" She considered. "Would you like Valentine?"

"Good Lord, no!"

"Why not? It's nice, too." But—*leviter caput reflectens*—she studied him carefully. "I'm going to call you Chippy."

AND then at that moment, the door-bell had jangled and in had come—welcome for once—the old trout with the pince-nez. She burst in upon a constrained—you might have thought a guilty—silence

He said, dismayed, "Why on earth——"

"It suits you. . . . Come and talk to me sometimes, Chippy."

He looked guiltily at his wrist watch; he'd been nearly ten minutes; he'd never have thought it. *Now* was the chance for a snub, a real crusher. But instead he said:

"I tell you I'll be coming every evening. On my bike."

"Well, bike fast and then you can stay for a bit." She yawned suddenly. "Oh gee! this is a dull hole. . . . How old are you, Chippy?"

He pondered; then decided on truth. "Seventeen."

"Me too." And suddenly and for no reason, these two words struck Radley a blow on the heart. "Me too," she said—so confidingly, so absorbingly, with such an air of intimate inclusion. The red-shaded lamp; the dark hair; the eyes with something in them and behind them; the *ensemble*; suddenly and for no reason Radley was smitten by Beauty. In that moment he saw something he would never see again, that he would never again *not* see. Scared by it, he said, stammering:

"I—I've got to go."

She should have jeered again at that, but she didn't. "Oh well," she said, "Bye-bye for now." She held out one of those pretty hands; he shook it dazedly. "Come back to-morrow night, Chippy. I'll be here."

The strange comfort of that! he thought, pedalling furiously schoolwards, the strange inexplicable comfort of it. "I'll be here." "Me too. . . ."

SO three months later, during a mid-morning break in February, Flockhart said to his colleague Davidson in the masters' common-room:

"Young Radley. . . . Do *you* find him a glutton for work?"

Davidson was cleaning out his pipe; he said abstractedly, "Hardly that. He's a bit dopey, I I should say. He's at the dopey age."

"And yet," said Flockhart, posing in front of the fire, "He's just come to me and asked to be made Lictor for a second term. Said he didn't think he'd done it very well last time; he'd like another shot."

Davison blew through his pipe. "And you said he could?"

"My dear fellow! Who am I to cold-water enthusiasm? But—odd. I wouldn't have been surprised if it had been some fellows. Compton, for instance. But the lust for power in *Radley*——"

"You're sure it *is* the lust for power?"

"What else can it be? It's the office-bearer complex. You'll see, he'll go through his life collecting Honorary Secretaryships. There's a type——"

"There are perks."

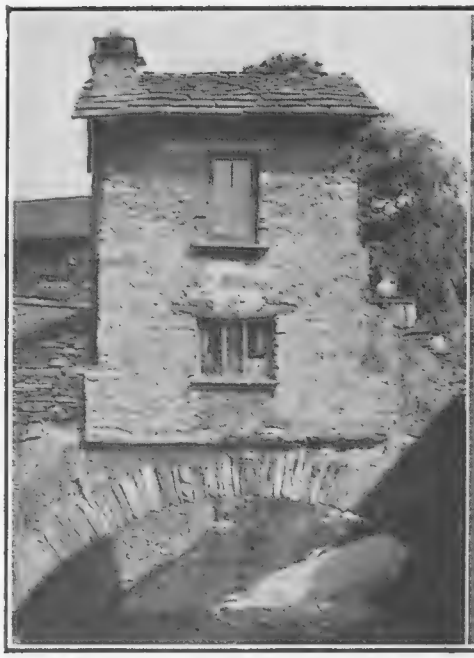
"Not in *my* House. Well—he gets out for half an hour in the evenings, fetching my paper. If you can call *that* a perk. In this weather."

"Close probably gives him chocolate."

"I should doubt it. Close by name and Close by nature. No, it's the office-bearer complex. I don't see what else he gets out of it."

Neither did Radley. Or if he saw, he could not have put it into words. He only knew that quite definitely he got something; that somewhere in his life he had a resort, a refuge, a chapel, which was lit by a soft red lamp and peopled by loveliness. From this resort there flooded into his being extraordinary sensations; soft yet vehement, humbling yet exalting, sweet yet painful. He was solidly aware that he could not do without it; what anguish it had been when his first spell of Lictorship ended and he perforce handed over to that clod Fragson the keys of his enchanted island! (Not that Fragson saw any enchantment there or brought any to it.) The Christmas vacation had supervened almost at once; but, coming back for a new term, he had felt the loss unbearably; unbearable it must remain unless he did something. Greatly daring, he had asked his Housemaster for a second turn as Lictor; he was still dazed by the delight of his success.

Sometimes Dolly wore a white blouse and sometimes a pale blue one; they always had short (*Continued on page* 65)



A house, 300 years old, built on a bridge over a stream at Ambleside. It contains two box-like rooms

The smallest house in Great Britain. Such is the claim made for this quaint dwelling at Conway, N. Wales

House on Props. A quaint home in the picturesque fishing village of Polperro, Cornwall

Some Curious Wayside Homes

By Reece Winstone

Ugly House, Bettws-y-Coed, Carnarvonshire. No two stones are the same size in its construction; hence the name

A house with two roofs. This cottage is at Sandy Lane, a village near Calne, Wiltshire

(*Above*) The old Post Office, a fourteenth-century cottage at Tintagel, now the property of the National Trust

IN the past century or so the architecture of our homes has become more or less standardized, but previously many of the wayside homes were built by the actual occupier. He might then give play to his own individuality and this sometimes extended to eccentricity with surprising results. The tourist with a keen eye may seek out these curious cottages up and down the country.

In the Lakeland village of Ambleside, is a home built over a stream, erected by a Scotsman (if the story be true) to avoid paying "ground" rent. Three hundred years old, it is now the property of the National Trust, and is on a hump-backed bridge over the Stock Ghyll. It contains two box-like rooms, the lower of which being used as a shop for pottery and the like. The upper is reached by an exterior stone staircase.

At the other end of England, in Cornwall, is the "House on the Props." Polperro is justly famed for its unusual and ancient homes of the fishermen, but one in particular overhangs the little Polstream so much that stout timber props are necessary to support the rooms projecting from the stone wall.

Another National Trust property, also in the land of Saints, is a fourteenth-century cottage at Tintagel. Its roof sags with age, a single chimney leans at an angle, and it is known as the old Post Office. Inside are three cosy rooms of a bygone age.

Before we leave Cornwall, "Parson Trist's Houses" at Veryan in Roseland, deserve attention. Five of these curious round cottages guard each end of the pretty village—to keep out the Devil, it is said. Thatched and surmounted by a cross as further protection (*Continued on page 62*)

Then Watson arrived on the scene with drawn sword and Marlowe made way for him. After all, it was his quarrel. "Art thou now come?" said Bradley. "Then I will have a bout with thee"

Firebrand Poet

The Adventurous Story Of Christopher Marlowe, Gallant Tavern Bard And Author Of "Dr. Faustus"

Illustrated by JACK MATTHEW.

ON a September day of 1589 a Holborn innkeeper's son, William Bradley, left his home in Gray's Inn Lane to walk into the City. He was in a black, vengeful mood, at odds with three men over a legal dispute concerning money, and spoiling for a fight with one of them—poet Thomas Watson, an elegant young gentleman whose airs infuriated him.

His search for Watson took him to Hog Lane, Finsbury Fields, on the City's green edge, where he ran into Christopher Marlowe, brother-poet and friend of Watson's, who knew of the quarrel, took his friend's side in it, and vowed that if ever he met Bradley, there would be trouble.

Marlowe was no timid, inky rhymer, but a gallant young tavern bard and playwright in doublet, hose and sword, with a few adventures behind him, and quick on the draw. They wasted no time on words. Soon they were lunging, thrusting, parrying, with the bold clash of steel on steel, scattering the excited onlookers as they fought to and fro, breathing hard and muttering oaths.

Then Watson arrived on the scene with drawn sword, and Marlowe made way for him. After all, it was his quarrel.

"Art thou now come?" said Bradley. "Then I will have a bout with thee."

He now fought two-handed, with sword and dagger, and, pressing hard, drove Watson to the edge of a ditch at the end of the lane, from which there was no further retreat. Watson, fighting back desperately, suddenly saw an opening and drove his steel home, six inches into Bradley's chest. Sword and dagger fell from Bradley's grasp; he sank, bleeding, to the ground as the crowd closed in to see him breathe his last.

A CONSTABLE summoned to the scene found Watson, pale and tense, nursing his bloodstained sword, with Marlowe standing by him. He marched them off to Justice Sir Owen Hopton, Lieutenant of the Tower, and they were committed to Newgate. Marlowe was eventually bailed and freed, Watson tried and pardoned. The author of the tempestuous *Tamburlaine*, who had borne himself in a way befitting his hero, could now concentrate on his next play, *Doctor Faustus*, to be produced at Henslowe's Rose Theatre, Southwark, with Edward Alleyne playing the name part.

At the Mermaid, in Cheapside, and other City taverns he hobnobbed with fellow-playwrights—Greene, Nashe, Kyd, Shakespeare. With the young man from Stratford, only two months his junior, he collaborated, pointing the way to fame and immortality

WHAT a prodigy in a prodigious age was this Kit Marlowe, son of a master shoemaker of Canterbury, who had gone to Corpus Christi, Cambridge, as a shilling-a-week divinity scholar, switched to a rebellious atheism, and left as a Master of Arts! So often was he absent from college that he was credited with secret missions to Rheims to spy on Catholic plotters against Elizabeth there. Certain it is that he fulfilled some important mission for the Queen, earning praise from high quarters. But his heart was in the playhouse, not in political intrigue. It is probable that he had already begun work on *Tamburlaine* at Cambridge, and after this magnificently oriental drama had been produced in various London inn-yards by the Lord Admiral's players—possibly also at Burbage's Theatre, in Shoreditch, or Henslowe's, in Southwark—a glittering future opened ahead of him.

AT the Mermaid, in Cheapside, and other City taverns he hobnobbed with fellow-playwrights—Greene, Nashe, Kyd, Shakespeare. With the young man from Stratford, only two months his junior, he collaborated, pointing the way to fame and immortality. With Kyd he shared lodgings for a time—until Thomas became scared of his dangerous atheistic doctrines. He was a crony of Raleigh's at Durham House, where the wits of the town would meet to smoke the new weed from Virginia, discuss literature, exploration, the theatre, science, astronomy, religion, and—inevitably—its philosophic negation, which Marlowe expounded with an incendiary fervour.

And there were the ladies of the town, too—romantic dallyings in lodgings and tavern rooms, meetings in dark alleys and on the green outskirts—which inspired him to themes like "Come, live with me and be my love," "Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?" Visits to the manor of his friend, Thomas Walsingham, at Chislehurst, idyllic encounters in the woods and fields. The translator of Ovid's *Amores* at Cambridge knew something of love and its enchanting impetus at a time when gallants regarded every comely lass—serving-maid or maid-of-honour—as fair game, and wenching, drinking and gaming were the sport of courtier, wit and man-about-town.

EXCESS of them brought Greene to a miserable, squalid end in a dingy lodging, his last solace a penny swig of wine brought to him by a cobbler's wife as he lay groaning on his death-bed. Marlowe, too, was betimes in his cups. Swaggering through bawdy Holywell Street one night he fell foul of a pair of constables, and there was a brawl which landed him again before Justice Hopton, to find sureties for his future good behaviour.

He was at Walsingham's Kent house, writing his love epic on *Hero and Leander*, when events in his life moved towards their tragic close. Kyd had had a hand in a play with some bearing on a current agitation against foreigners—French, Flemish, Dutch—trading in the City. The Censor to whom it was submitted reported to the Queen's authorities, who at once swooped on Kyd, searched his rooms, and found heretical documents among his papers.

TAKEN to Bridewell and confronted with the rack, the terrified Kyd alleged that they had belonged to Marlowe when the poet shared his lodgings. An agent was at once dispatched to Chislehurst to apprehend him and bring him to court, and, in case of need, should he resist, to "require ayd." Marlowe was still steeped in his dream of heroic love when Henry Maunder arrived to summon him to the Privy Council. He bade the Walsinghams good-bye and rode off with him to London, then in the throes of the Plague, with the theatres closed and the players dispersed to the provinces.

BROUGHT before the Council's Ministers of State, he had little difficulty in establishing that the "vile hereticall Conceiptes denyinge the deity of Jhesus" were copied from a known Italian work, and not in his handwriting; but, knowing his heretical tendencies and regarding him as a danger to the State, they ordered him to report to them daily for further examination until such time as he should be freed. Meantime, a secret informer busied himself compiling from every possible source a *dossier* of his blasphemous utterances, plus this subversive gem: "That he had as good Right to Coine as the Queen of England, and that he was acquainted with one Poole a prisoner in Newgate who hath greate Skill in mixture of mettals and having learned some thinges of him he ment through help of a Cunninge stamp maker to Coin ffrench Crownes pistoletes and English shillinges." A passing conceit—no more—by one more than content to coin sounding phrases!

HAD the Council seen fit to gaol him instead, *The Jew of Malta* and *Edward II.*—his two

And there were the ladies of the town, romantic dallyings in lodgings and tavern rooms, meetings in dark alleys

In self-defence, Ingram grappled with Marlowe for the poignard, and in the struggle he stabbed him above the right eye. He collapsed, and at twenty-nine was a dead man in a sordid tavern brawl

later plays—might have had illustrious successors. But just over a week later, on May 30, 1593, he was in a room of Eleanor Bull's Deptford tavern, talking, drinking and playing backgammon with one Ingram Frizer, or ffrysar, Walsingham's servant, Nicholas Skeres, his crony, and Robert Poley, spy and conspirator—why, and for what purpose, remains a mystery, though Walsingham may have sent his servant to get news of Marlowe, and Poley, who was in touch with Walsingham concerning a mission to The Hague, may have accompanied him.

Only those three, whose testimony constituted their defence, knew what happened after supper that evening. Their story was that Ingram and Marlowe argued hotly about footing the bill. Marlowe then flung himself on the bed. Ingram, with the two others, sat at the table with his back to Marlowe, his poignard slung behind him for comfort. Suddenly Marlowe, still in a rage, snatched Ingram's dagger and struck ferociously at his head, inflicting two surface wounds. In self-defence, Ingram grappled with him for the weapon, and in the struggle stabbed him above the right eye. The wound was a deep one—two inches—in a vital place. He collapsed, and at twenty-nine was a dead man in a sordid tavern brawl, his face streaked with blood, his beard clotted. He was buried in the graveyard of St. Nicholas Church, near by.

HAD the Walsingham intrigues, the secret missions on behalf of the Queen, anything to do with it? Was it feared that Marlowe might divulge things he knew under Privy Council pressure, or to save his skin? Or was it just a squalid, petty, drunken quarrel? Poley's presence, with Walsingham's servant, is a sinister, disturbing element, but the secret—if secret there was—died with the four men. Marlowe, firebrand in life as in letters, had blazed a trail for a greater genius. His work was done, his exit as dramatic as any in his plays.

END.

The Home of the Doones

In Wild Wales

Britain's Wild Men

Famous Outlaws In Fact And Legend

By C. Fox Smith

IN these days of rapid and easy communications, when the motor coach discharges its load of sightseers daily in the Doone Valley, and on what was once wildest Dartmoor, when the chief danger in the New Forest and in what remains of Waltham Chase is that of accidental fire started by a tripper's cigarette or a careless picnic party, it is sometimes hard to realize that there were times, some of them within the memory—or at least within the hearsay—of a few very old men, when law-abiding folk went in fear of their lives in many of the remoter parts of Britain, when robbery and rapine, murder, yes, even cannibalism, went on in defiance of the powers of law and order. Civil wars and discontents, religious and political persecutions and confiscations, have always produced their quota of what we now know as "displaced persons," people who, having a grudge against the community and nothing to lose, turn readily to warring upon their fellows both for profit and revenge.

Wild tracts of country such as Dartmoor and Exmoor, the Welsh mountains, and what remained of the great forests which once covered the greater part of England, were, of course, the most likely gatherng grounds of such malcontents. Communications were few and roads all but non-existent, so that many parts of the West Country were almost as remote as are the fastnesses of the Balkans at the present time. In such regions a determined community of masterless men could without much difficulty establish themselves and live by terrorising and plundering their peaceful neighbours, who in their turn were all too willing to buy immunity by paying "Blackmail," as the Border (*Continued on page* 55)

Sherwood Forest

The Haunt of Sawney Bean

Brandersnack And Mandewake

IT was very hot in the square, and the leaves on the trees were dusty. The petrol station was locked and all the shops were shut, blinds drawn down like eyelids over their windows: it was early closing day. A very old man slept sitting up on a bench outside the Post Office; his soft, pink mouth fell open and his hands clutched a folded newspaper. This was still a quiet town, in spite of the two new cinemas and the dance hall; in spite of the filling station with its bold-faced pumps and the hot smell of its petrol. Straight from the square a stone bridge crossed the river—a narrow, hustling river—and beyond the bridge the steep green hills reared up, with trees marching on their summits.

Opposite the Post Office was the Jasmine Café, where behind butter-coloured curtains one could see a room full of tables covered with butter-coloured cloths, with apple-green chairs set round about. The café, too, was closed, but a side door, leading up a flight of stairs, was open, and on this door a new, neatly-engraved plate read, "Brandersnack and Mandewake. Advisers and Representatives in Difficulties and Delicate Problems." Under the plate someone had chalked, in brackets, "(Top Floor)."

By
Mary Walker

And they were up there, even on early closing day, Brandersnack and Mandewake, waiting for clients and looking out of the window. Tim Brandersnack was a long, muscular young man such as one sees in an advertisement for a patent food. He was a man of many ideas and great confidence in them; only sometimes his body, wanting to be active, became restless, and then his confidence faltered. He was sitting in an armchair with his hands in his pockets. From this position the only movement he saw was that of an occasional white cloud, soft and clean as a floating pillow, across an oblong of sky.

His partner, Dawlish Mandewake, was taking a more orthodox view, leaning against the window frame gazing down into the street. Dawlish looked like a very young poet: he had a softly drooping mouth, large luminous eyes that bulged a little and dark curly hair. He was every bit as amiable as he looked and much more sensible.

"Would you like to know my quotation for to-day, Pete?" Tim asked suddenly. And without waiting to be denied, immediately quoted it: "'When I'm a veteran with only one eye, I shall do nothing but stare at the sky.'"

Dawlish smiled out into the street. "You'll hardly notice the difference, will you?"

"I'm doing it—I'm doing it now. I'm a veteran, aren't I?"

"You've got too many eyes."

Tim stopped looking at the sky and stared at the ceiling instead. (*Continued on page 68*)

DAWLISH watched the man with a beard and the girl cross the road. "I think they're going to get into the Jasmine," he reported

The Old Empire Theatre

Riding In The Row

Two West Ends

By Ferdinand Tuohy

"LOOK at the West End," ran a theme during this year's Budget debates.

By all means let us look at it. Let us, in fact, look at two West Ends—those of 1919 and 1949—while wondering how long certain trends can be maintained without cancelling what the words "West End" are presumed to stand for.

I suppose one might define London's West End as still running from Wellington Street to the Embankment, to Parliament Square, Buckingham Palace, along Park Lane, Oxford Street, to the fringe of Holborn, and down Kingsway. Everything within this area has figured at one time or another in "West End scenes," however much my definition may differ from the orthodox conception.

When the lights went up after ten years there was a rush to the centre of all this, to Piccadilly Circus, the "hub of Empire," and note that it was a "popular" rush in the full meaning of the term. Tens of thousands brought their children up from the suburbs, from east, west, south and north, to enjoy an illuminated West End, as if a national institution and possession had been damped down for so long.

Now, apparently, it is proposed to make this rush a constant affair.

"It is part of our policy," declares Mr. Wright, chairman of the L.C.C. Restaurants and Catering Committee, "to provide cheap meals in the most expensive part of London for people of lower income groups who do not normally use the West End." In other words, people are going to be systematically shoved or coaxed into an area long given over to special purposes.

One may well ask if this is the best way of encouraging spending visitors from abroad, seeing that the West End is one of their principal targets, if not the principal one. We are told that tourism is a greater national income-earner than even the biggest (*Continued on page* 60)

Ascot 1939

A Night Club 1949

World Without End

A Fantasy Of The Future

By Mary Just

MEN and women lodgers all alike enveloped in some curious skin-fitting substance of greenish-blue crossed the room to the iron shutter

THE Government Healer landed his little helicopter on the path leading up to the house belonging to the family of Selby, 999/333/GI. It was early on a July morning in the year 2048, and all down the gleaming rows of houses, from the loud-speakers installed on the flat roofs, came the voice of the World Broadcasting Corporation's announcer, calling in flat, cloying tones . . . "Workers. Arise. Workers. Arise."

The Government Healer touched a switch on the door of 999, etc., etc., which door instantly slid back, admitting him to a large single room, one side of which was completely formed of transparent glass, two were lined to the ceiling with bunks, and the remaining one seemed to be a sort of folding iron curtain.

"I'm early," said the Government Healer without apology, "this is the first of July, you see. And I have a long list to go through. Now . . . the name is . . .?"

"Surname Selby. First name Liberty. Registration number nine million and two," said a quiet voice from the lowest bunk, and a slender form raised itself on one elbow. Indeed, from all the bunks, human figures were scrambling to the ground, all alike enveloped in some curious skin-fitting substance of greenish-blue.

"Mind if we go ahead, Friend?" asked a lad of twenty or so.

"No, no. Go on," said the Government Healer impatiently.

Men and women lodgers alike crossed the room to the iron shutter, which, when raised by a switch, displayed a large bath; large, that is to say, for a private house, if the word private may be used in such a connection, for it occupied the whole floor-space of some eight feet by ten. The Workers plunged in, threshed about for some minutes, during which time some strange process took place, by which the greeny-blue substance melted off their bodies and mingled with the greeny-blue water. They then leapt out, naked, and quite unconcerned thereby, to stand for ten seconds or so in the blast of a drier attached to the near wall. After this, they moved in single file past another arrangement, something resembling the garden-hose of a hundred years back, which quietly sprayed them with the same plastic coverings, fitting closely to their forms. There was no need for anyone to shave or do their hair, for men and women alike were as bald as eggs, but in spite of this, their slim, strong, perfectly-shaped bodies gave them a certain austere beauty. Perhaps the

tning that might chiefly strike a *revenant* from the world of 1948, would be the utter lack of expression in their faces. Their eyes were like the eyes of birds, bright, devoid of thought.

As they lined up before the now reclosed bathroom shutter in a row, the Housist, or the housewife, as we should call her, swiftly moved down the line, handing out to each three tablets from a bowl she carried. These were swallowed in silence, the "breakfasters" drawing a deep breath between each one, and pulling their abdominal muscles well in as they exhaled again. This done, they filed off to the factory nearby, still in complete silence, only each one slid a strange quick look in passing at the woman who remained in the lowest bunk, the elderly woman described by herself as "Selby. First name Liberty."

"You know what I'm here for, Friend?" said the Healer.

"Oh yes," said Liberty Selby. "I was sixty in May."

"Correct," said the Healer. "Well, this is the day of the Bi-Annual Procession to the Chamber of Release. The helicopter will be here in a quarter of an hour to fetch you all from this street. That will give you time to leave any words of advice you feel the Young Workers may need, and . . . er . . ." he cleared his throat, and became, for one half-second, faintly human, "to say, We-Meet-Again-Friends-In-The-Rebirth-Of-All-Things-Living."

"My grandmother . . . I mean, of course, my Past Producer," observed Liberty Selby rather pensively, "once told me when I was a tiny girl, that when *she* was a child . . . . that would be about a hundred years ago now, they used to say a thing called 'good-bye' when they had to take their place in the Procession."

"Good-bye! What a peculiar word," said the Government Healer.

"It meant 'God be with you' she told me."

"Ah," said the Healer tolerantly, for he was by no means a hard-hearted man, and he felt a certain sympathy with Liberty Selby; he was fifty-two himself, which meant that he had only eight years more to live. That was the rigid and unbreakable law; at sixty you had to go into the Chamber of Release, to make room for the Coming Generations. In the bad old times, the aged had been allowed to live on, sometimes until they reached a hundred or more, but the Supreme Director of World Intelligence had done away with such cruelty. Now, they were gently put to sleep.

"God," he repeated. "Yes, yes. Those old beliefs. Interesting, if one had the permission to study them. Well, Friend, the helicopter will be here in a quarter of an hour. Nothing to worry about, you know. You just take a deep breath, and then . . . you're one with the air and the sunlight and the breeze." He rose, and spoke the required formula like a familiar lesson of which he had long wearied. " We-Shall-Meet-Again-Friend-In-The-Great-Rebirth-Of-All-Things-Living."

"We-Shall-Meet-Again-Friend-In-The-Great-Rebirth-Of-All-Things-Living," she repeated glibly, and for the first time, a very tiny glint, it might have been humour . . . showed in her dark blue eyes. "I wonder what I shall really be?" she said. "Water . . . or earth . . . or . . .?"

"My Producer, My Producer," exclaimed an older man who had just entered, a handsome fellow of about forty. "Be careful what you say."

"Oh, I don't know that it matters much what I say now," replied his Producer, or, as we should call her, his mother. "After all, I'm going down into the Chamber of Release anyhow."

"Such remarks might have encouraged the Young Workers to *think*, if they had overheard you," said the Government Healer sternly. "I advise silence. Freedom Selby, you are her son?"

"Yes, Friend."

"You may stay with her until she is fetched."

"Thank you, Friend."

A small slender girl of about twenty came peeping shyly in at the front door. Her eyes were as blue as those of her grandmother (or Past-Producer) and on her smooth little head there glinted a faint covering of red-gold fluff, of which she was as much ashamed as a present-day popsy would be of hairy legs, but nothing would daunt or suppress it, and for this reason she was self-conscious, and mingled as little as she dared with the Youth of the World Federation.

"Oh, Friend," she whispered imploringly, "may I stay, too?"

"Certainly not," said the Government Healer sternly. He walked to the door, adding, "this is not a matter for sentiment. It is the Will of the Supreme Director. He is wise. Would you wish your Past-Producer to grow old and helpless, and . . ." final appalling indictment . . . "a burden on the State?"

"Oh, no, *no*, Friend."

The Healer left without further word. He stepped aboard his little helicopter and neatly took the low fence into the next yard.

No sooner was the door closed upon him than the faces of the three people in the room changed so completely as to become almost unrecognizable. They became human, loving, excited and tender.

"Now. Now. It must be *now*," said Freedom Selby, squaring his big shoulders, "where is Learning?"

"She is clearing and refreshing the bath. The Workers are all gone, and I . . . I ought to go, too," whispered the girl.

Her father, without replying, stepped to the sliding door, and called, "Learning. Where are you? Quickly."

Illustrations by Steven Spurrier, A.R.A.

The Housist, his wife, and mother of the little red-head, came running in. Her hands held a large receptacle filled with the same tablets as she had handed out to the Young Workers before they left. "I know, I know," she whispered. "It must be now. Here. These will last for many days. Take the blankets from the bunks, all of them. We may need them, if we fly into space. Producer, come. Quickly."

"Look outside, Learning," said her husband, "and see if all is well."

His wife, Learning Selby, went to the door and peeped out. "All is silent," she said. "Only the Healer is still next door. We had better wait until he is further down the row. Then . . . we start."

They waited, standing together, the four of them, arms linked around one another, in a still group so beautiful in its complete and unselfconscious quiet that it might have been carved by the hand of Genius itself in marble or stone. At last Freedom Selby said quietly, "Now."

The three women mounted a low parapet beneath the window, as he touched two switches, one of which caused the complete roof of the hut to slide away, curling in on itself and leaving a brilliant square of July sky above them, the other rolling away the floor, and revealing in the cellar-space below, the family helicopter, with seating for four. "Come," said the man. "You first, my Producer. Let me help you down. Now you, Learning. Now you . . . Achievement."

Two minutes later the helicopter took the air, silent, speedy, free. In all directions the sky was streaked with similar dark bird-like shapes, and perhaps the thing most weird and unusual to us would be the utter and complete silence of it all. Immense factory buildings were in full swing of work, without a sound from their engines; the only sign of life, if life it could be called, was the sight of eternal, unending stretches of straight roads, crossing and re-crossing each other, and the low, dreary, square white houses. No birds sang, no flowers bloomed, no trees hung their boughs to the earth. It was a world conquered and ruled by Reason and Efficiency.

The sky was alive with helicopters, and nobody challenged them.

"We fly, and fly, until we find some remote rock or islet in the ocean?" said Learning Selby to her husband.

"We must," he answered. "What was that word you said to the Healer, my Producer? God. That was it. *God.* Why does it arouse such strange emotions in me? It means nothing. It is a short word. God. . . . God."

"It was the name of the Supreme Director in olden times, before the War that Ended All Wars," said his mother.

"It is a beautiful word. When I speak it, I feel as though I were touching the planets . . . as though I held the sun and the moon in my right and left hands. Achievement," he glanced back at his daughter, who sat, excited and yet terrified, beside her mother, "you have no regrets? You would not rather have stayed in the Perfect World?"

"No . . . *no.* I, too, want to find the thing you call God," she whispered.

"This is my doing," said Liberty Selby. "I committed the Unpardonable Fault, the fault for which we are never forgiven in the Perfect World."

"What fault, my Producer?"

"I *thought*," said Liberty. "I thought for myself. I couldn't stop thinking. I was silent, but oh . . . I thought. I wondered. I dared to wonder whether that thing they used to call 'happiness,' could really . . . might not, perhaps . . . *be*. And so I gave thought to you, my son, and you handed it down to your daughter." She suddenly laughed. It was a small, frightened, whispered nicker of a laugh, but it was a laugh.

"And therefore we are here," she said, "flying into eternity."

"Not, I fear, into eternity," said her son. "The helicopters will be arriving now to fetch you and the rest of the over-sixties. They will not find us, and they will see that the helicopter is missing from the hut. We must land quickly, and hide for a while. I have a small island within my range of vision just to the north-west of us. Let us land there and consider."

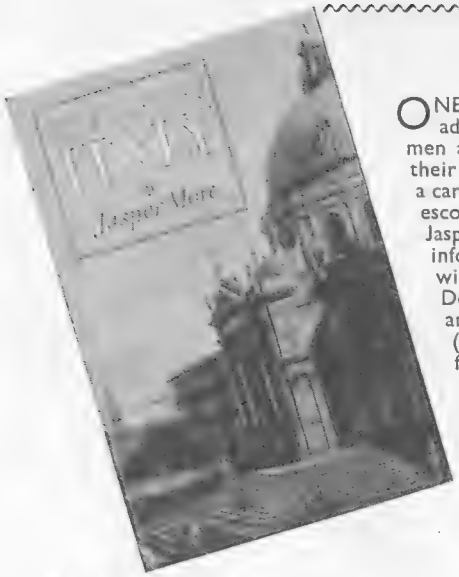
They dropped like a hovering seagull. Perhaps the comparison is not inapt, for they found themselves surrounded by calling, swooping, silver birds, as they gently landed on a slope of earth so lovely that they gasped for breath. It was covered with tiny pinkish-mauve flowers, very close to the ground. The girl, Achievement, sprang from the helicopter, and fell upon her knees in the scented glory of the Hebridean heather.

"What is it? What is it?" she cried. "Oh, my Producer, look . . . *look*. That wide ocean of blue water . . . this wonder of . . . what are they? Flowers? Flowers. The things you told us were in the old world, before the War that ended Wars, my Past Producer. Here they are. Oh, let us never, never leave this place again."

Liberty Selby stood very still, her eyes wide and wet. She held out her arms to the soft sea breeze.

"They said I should (*Continued on page 62*)

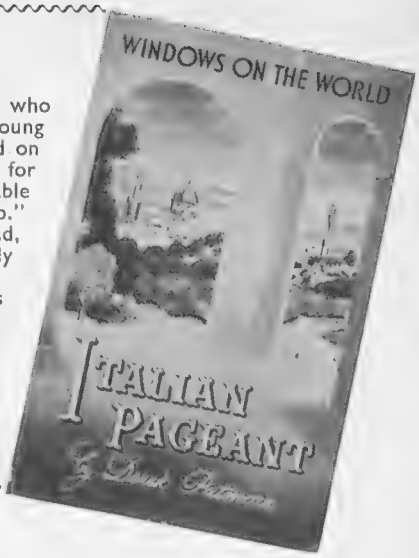
AS they walked quietly along, silent for the sheer happiness of beholding the beauty of the island, a young man came over the hill towards them



GOING TO ITALY?

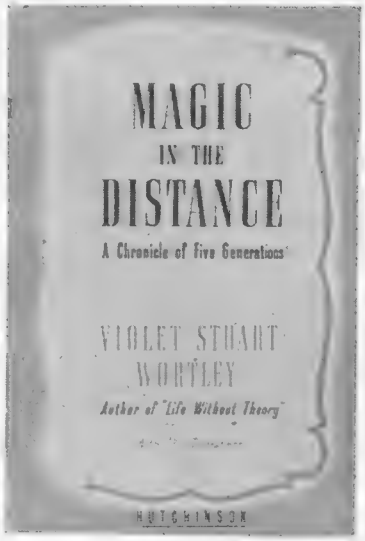
ONE submits willingly to a guide with a sense of humour who admits that Italy isn't always sunny, despite those clever young men and shrewd old women who breakfast all the year round on their Tremezzo or Bordighera terraces, and that two essentials for a caravan tour in the south are insect powder and a knowledgeable escort, say "a retired bandit recommended by a local bishop." Jasper More's **"The Land of Italy"** (Batsford, 18s.) is a sound, informative preview of the whole country from Alps to Sicily with water-colour plates and 160 fine photographs.

Derek Patmore concentrates mainly on the less-known towns and art-centres of Tuscany and Umbria in **"Italian Pageant"** (Evans, 9s. 6d.), describing places, people, pictures in a friendly, intimate way—there's nothing shattering in his style. "I sat back to wait for my dinner and lazily watched the animated scene around me" fixes the leisurely tempo, but the beauties and treasures—pictured in clear full-page photographs—pleasantly seep in.



Books:

Reviewed by Trevor Allen



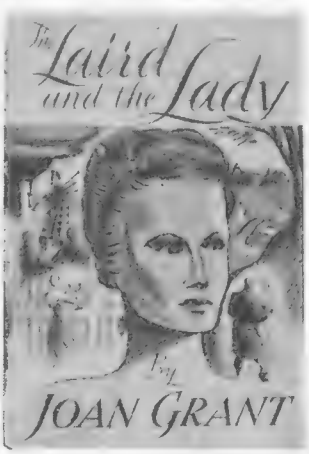
HAVE all the stately homes of England skeletons in their cupboards? Mrs. Violet Stuart Wortley chronicles five generations of her husband's Highcliffe Castle, Hampshire, family in "Magic in the Distance" (Hutchinson, 21s.) and none of her forebears achieved lasting happiness, least of all the illustrious Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who found little love and was saddened by a fantastic wastrel son who "was said to be worth no less than £2,500 as he walked, what with shoe-buckles, buttons and so forth. When he was not in gaol he strutted the Continent, impressing some folk with his importance, horrifying the more respectable with his display of bad taste." Prefacer Tahu Hole finds in the saga an atmosphere of a Greek domestic tragedy: "suddenly, hopes were frustrated, natural ties broken; unexpectedly, great success was counterbalanced by great misfortune." But it makes an absorbing story, bristling with historic names.

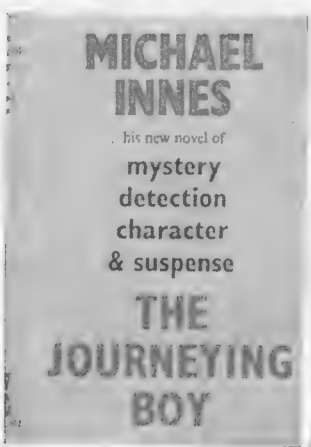
FOR something nearer abiding happiness one must turn from castle to cottage—Hugh Farmar's "The Cottage in the Forest" (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.), a modest flint-and-thatch retreat in Oakbridge Forest, East Anglia, hard by a reputed Druidic grove and a "gnomish" keeper named Boast who "reminds one of something (and it is not the good fairy) out of Grimm" and whose house would make a nice Disney setting for *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*. Mr. Farmar's passion is bird-watching. He writes of his simple life with a kindling zest, and there are remarkable bird photographs by Eric Hosking and others, and drawings by Edward Bradbury.

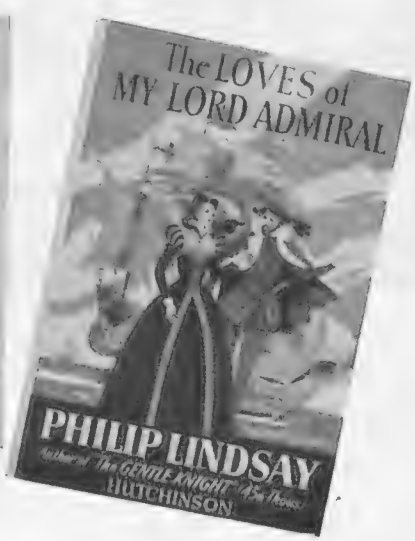
IF Zoë, Lady Hart Dyke found happiness, even in a castle, it was chiefly because of her interest, from the age of four, in the busy little silkworm. I was once shown over her silk farm at Lullingstone, Kent—an industry started to offset estate expenses and taxation—and found it fascinating. The venture, which has helped export trade and provided ceremonial robes for Royalty, she records proudly, with valuable hints on silkworm culture, in "So Spins the Silkworm" (Rockcliffe, 15s.).

TANG SHENG, a Chinese graduate of twenty, found her happiness in setting out from occupied Shanghai in '42, trekking with five male companions through eight provinces to Chungking, and exploring the real China at first-hand. "The Long Way Home" (Hutchinson, 16s.) gives us not only the willow-pattern dream landscape of Deh Lan's exquisite drawings but bugs, dirt, mosquitoes, and other wartime ordeals. Miss Tang is a vivid travel-logger. *En route* they debate politico-economic affairs with all the fervour of a Youth Club.

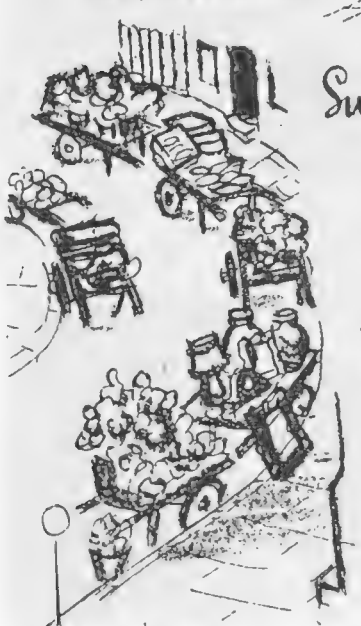
NO doubt Dame Leslie Whateley was reasonably happy as A.T.S. Director, 1943–6, but she had a terrifically busy time, especially with ceremonial visits, inspections, social functions; and (*Continued on page 70*)





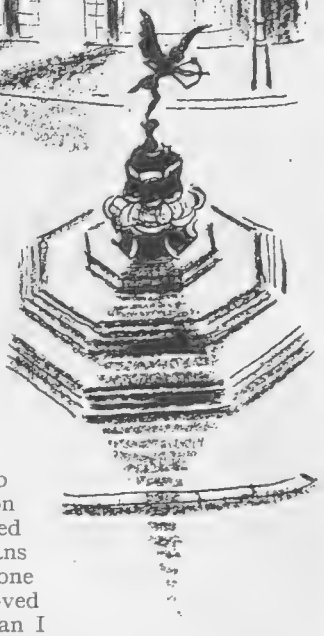


Diary of A London Hostess



Sunday

American visitors Stella and Robert arrived last night for week's stay. Tried my "twenty-minute tour" of London to-day from Victoria to Liverpool Street. Bus passes Westminster Abbey, Houses of Parliament, Whitehall, Trafalgar Square, Temple Bar, Fleet Street and, after passing St. Paul's, enough bomb desolation to satisfy even their wide-eyed interest. Returned to Park Lane for tea at Gunters because it is near the park where we strolled in the early evening. Cosmopolitan crowd and tub orators fascinated our guests.



Monday

Stella wanted to see London stores. Took her to Knightsbridge and Kensington and lunched on the roof garden of a famous store. Shopped some more and finished up in Bond Street exhausted. Americans seem to think a "facial" the great panacea. Had never had one myself, but Stella treated me at a Bond Street salon. Simply loved it. Came out feeling rested and beautiful. Cost was less than I anticipated. 25s. each without tips.

Tuesday

Visitors clamouring to see some interesting residential quarters of London. Chose Hampstead—full of architectural character and easy to reach. Wandered in the quiet backwaters gaping at lovely Georgian houses and impressive "homes of the rich." Sat for a while on the Heath. Very peaceful and surprisingly countrified being so near London.

Wednesday

Too tired for London sightseeing, so took the Green Line coach to Windsor. Inspected the castle and backwaters of the old town. Walked to Eton to see the world-famous school and playing fields. Stella and Robert bought souvenirs in the antique and curio shops. Returned to town by coach and in the cool of the evening saw Shakespeare performed at the Open Air Theatre in Regent's Park. Stella and Robert thought this the best day yet. We certainly gave them a dose of "tradition."

Thursday

Decided to introduce them to London's Continental Quarter. Went to Soho with shopping baskets. They loved the shops decorated with garlic sausages, skeins of fresh-made spaghetti; assortments of bread and cheeses; housewives of every nationality shopping and gossiping. Lunched in a native restaurant. Took bus to Limehouse after supper to London's "East Side." Finished up at the "Prospect of Whitby," Wapping High Street, ancient pub where you can drink on the balcony overlooking the river. View of London River in the twilight impressed us as much as them.

Friday

Stella and Robert went alone to Kensington Palace where the State Rooms are now open again; took in the National Gallery and returned for tea. We all went to the theatre this evening as their guests. They wanted to sup and dance afterwards at one of the ritzier restaurants. Rang up to inquire if evening dress was essential. Some of the grander places make it compulsory now, so it is better to make sure in advance. This one did, so we went in style. Men wore dinner jackets. The bill was eight pounds for four of us. Terrifying to our unaccustomed eyes but, of course, we drank wine.

Saturday

So much to do, so little time! Robert, a great reader, wanted old books and prints of London. Took them to Charing Cross Road book and print shops. Afterwards enjoyed ourselves souvenir hunting among the smaller antique shops in Kings Road and Fulham Road. Stella bought Victorian jewellery and Robert picked amongst the bric-a-brac. Stalls in the Portobello Road, a short bus-ride away, yielded a cheap Georgian decanter and some rat-tail spoons. Tarnished but cheap. Picnic supper in the garden mulling over the week's trips. Robert and Stella regret not having been to Houses of Parliament while Parliament was sitting, but application to local Member for seats takes time and queueing for the public gallery is unrewarding.

Striped Effect

AFTER a long phase of plain surfaces in decoration the pendulum swings again towards greater variety in design. Flowery wallpapers and fabrics are gaining favour with stripes leading—the favourite—by a good head.

The Regency influence which has been so strongly felt in interior decoration of late has proved the charm and versatility of striped effects even when they are divorced from the strictly period schemes with which they are mainly associated. As a background to simple modern schemes of furnishing devoid of accessory effects they have sufficient vitality in themselves to bridge the gap, as it were, between bleakness and effective simplicity.

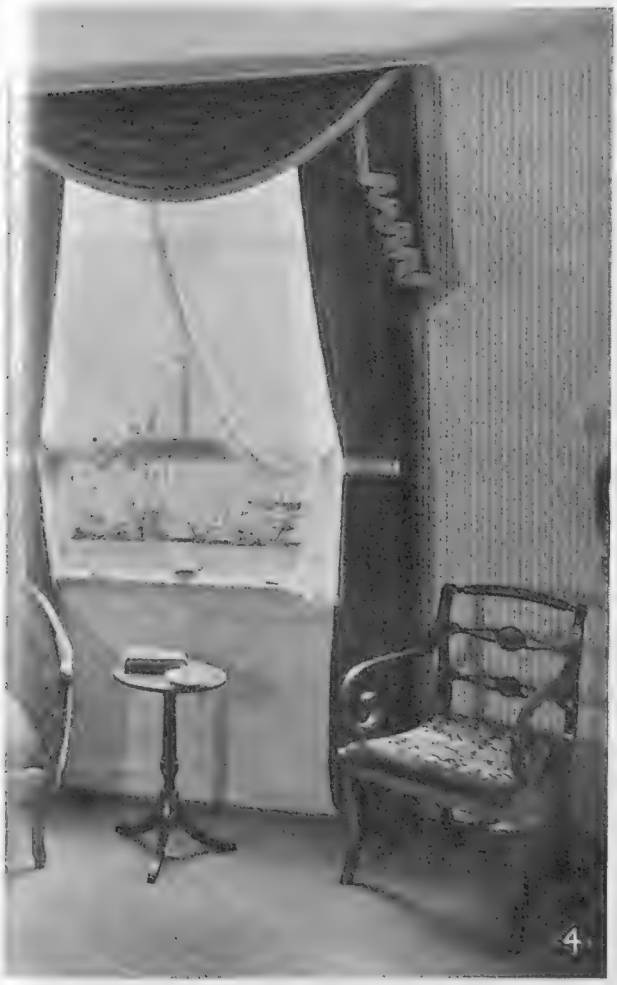
Nevertheless stripes must be handled with discretion. When selecting wallpaper, the width and boldness of the stripes should be determined by the proportions of the room in which they are to be used. Wider stripes and bolder colour harmonies are for spacious rooms; narrow stripes and muted contrasts are for smaller ones.

In most cases it is advisable to take the paper up to the cornice. The effect of a plain frieze is seldom happy. Against a striped background plain fabric for window treatments is best. Patterned surfaces elsewhere in the room are permissible but should be dim in contrast to the background and limited to smaller areas.

The two Sanderson wallpapers shown in detail as a background to the type on the left and right of these pages are typical of the striped designs now in most popular use. The paper in grey and white with the Prince of Wales feather is for a larger and loftier room than the triple stripe effect on the right which is available in several contrasting pastel shades.

For interior effects the stripe is a current and fabrics it has the merit of simplicity, to small rooms and large ones, period

favourite. As a theme for backgrounds and a stimulant charm which is adaptable schemes as well as to contemporary ones



(1) A narrow stripe paper in green and white has a stimulant effect on a staircase wall where accessory effects are limited by space. (2) Canary and white candy stripes carried to cornice level throw an antique gilt mirror into high relief. (3) Plain surfaces effectively foiled by bold cream and petunia striped chair seats. (4) The graceful proportions of this scheme are enhanced by wallpaper narrowly striped with green and white. Deep purple curtains with a swagged pelmet fringed with white and carried to cornice level achieving a complementary longevity with the striped background. Upholstery is of dim flowered chintz.

Petunia And Grey Stripes

MATERIALS: 5 oz. of Templetons' 3-ply, "Ayrbeam" in grey (shade 2455); 2½ oz. 3-ply, in petunia (shade 2586); 1 pair each of No. 10 and No. 12 knitting needles; No. 12 crochet hook; 4 small buttons.

MEASUREMENTS: From top of shoulder to lower edge, 20 ins.; across the back and front underarms, 17 ins.; underarm sleeve seam, 6 ins.

TENSION: 10 sts. to 1 in.

FRONT

With No. 12 needles, cast on 100 sts. (with grey wool). Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 3 ins.

Next row.—Inc. 1 st. in every 5th st. (120 sts.). Now work as follows :

Change to No. 10 needles.

1st row.—K.

2nd row.—P.

3rd row.—K.

4th row.—P.

5th row.—Join on contrast wool (a k. row).

6th row.—P.

7th row.—* K. 1, m. 1, k. 2 tog. ; rep. from *, ending k. 1.

8th row.—P.

9th row.—K.

10th row.—Join on grey wool (a p. row).

Rep. from 1st row.

Continue until work measures 13 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 5 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. Then k. 2 tog. each end of every row until 90 sts. Continue until armhole measures 5 ins. (*Continued on page 58*)

ABBREVIATIONS : *K. = knit ; p. = purl ; st. = stitches ; beg. = beginning ; patt. = pattern ; tog. = together ; dec. = decrease ; inc. = increase ; sl. = slip ; m. = make ; p.s.s.o. = pass slip stitch over ; rep. = repeat ; ins. = inches.*

Coral Pink

With Cap Sleeves

MATERIALS: 4 oz. Lavenda 2-ply Super Fingering; 1 pair each No. 11 and No. 12 knitting needles; medium size crochet hook; 11 buttons; elastic for waist; 1 press stud.

MEASUREMENTS: To fit a 34-in. to 36-in. bust measurement; length from shoulder to lower edge, 18½ ins.; across underarms, 17 ins.

TENSION: 9 sts. to 1 in.

THE BACK

Cast on 128 sts. with No. 11 needles and k. 4 rows in plain knitting.

Then commence patt. as follows :

1st row (right side facing).—* P. 2, k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 1, m. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o. ; rep. from * to end of row.

2nd row.—* K. 2, p. 5 ; rep. from * to end of row.

3rd row.—* P. 2, k. 5 ; rep. from * to end of row.

4th row.—As 2nd row.

These 4 rows form the patt.

Work for 1 in. Then inc. 1 st. each end of every 8th row 7 times (142 sts.). Continue until work measures 11½ ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE CAP SLEEVES

Inc. 1 st. each end of every row 14 times (170 sts.). Work for 7 ins.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 7 sts. at the beg. of every armhole end row 9 times. Cast off remaining sts. for back of neck.

LEFT FRONT

Cast on 65 sts. with No. 11 needles. Work as for back. inc. at *one side* only until 79 sts. and work measures 11½ ins. from cast-on edge. (*Continued on page 58*)

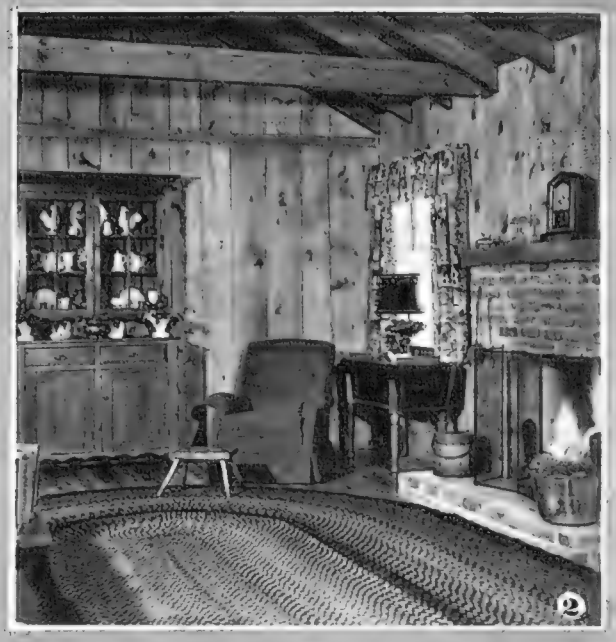
A Blouse For The Occasion

Blouses are a tradition. As a fashion feature they have a permanency which is matched by no other item of the wardrobe. Changes of fashion affect them only in minor features of design, and they remain the most practical and the most versatile feature of the wardrobe.

A basic suit takes a new complexion from every blouse with which it is worn. A classic, a soft or a purely decorative blouse gives it a new character and new interest whenever it appears. With a basic suit, given its own intrinsic merit, one can see through a day of successive and different occasions with confidence. A good blouse wardrobe is an investment and a *must* for the well-dressed woman.

We have illustrated a succession of good blouses for morn to midnight wearing. Reading from the top, there is a classic white crepe by Eric Hart with fused collar and cuffs, perfect for the office or all formal occasions when a tailored appearance is correct. Next, a white spotted Robia voile by the same maker, for afternoon wear. The evening blouse in black georgette has bands of fine gold stitching, a London Pride model; and below it for sport or for wear with the odd skirt a grey jersey with pale blue stripes, also by London Pride. Finally, there is a cosy, soft wool utility model with tan spots on a cream ground, with a yoke and breast pocket.

For further details, send a stamped, addressed envelope to the Woman's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 1, New Oxford Street, W.C.1.



A House Which Proves That

Their Own

THIS is an American house and, as such, it has unmistakable characteristics. The furniture is in the national tradition, but, as an experiment, the treatment as a whole has an international interest.

The painstaking assembly of this furnishing scheme was undertaken with the object of proving that the functional and the beautiful, down to smallest details, can unite with the happiest effect.

1. A "drysink" from a cottage kitchen which was innocent of main water now conceals the radio and holds a lamp converted from a copper milk-can.

2. At one end of the main sitting-room a red-brick fireplace confronts a hand-made rug of plaited braid which grew by easy stages to an 18-ft. length by adding fresh plaits of braid to the outside edge.

3. A low bench holds books which rest between two polished flat-irons; an old duelling pistol has become a lighter in this small house with one all-purpose living-room with an adjacent bedroom and kitchen.

4. Above the modern streamlined cooker old kitchen utensils—a butter-pat, ladle and copper gelatine moulds—make appropriate wall decorations.

Practical Details Can Have Intrinsic Charm

Throughout the house individual items have a practical use. This home was not assembled in a week. It grew slowly. In some instances traditional pieces were adapted in one way or another to impart a practical function. Even book-rests were made from polished flat-irons. The result, which is self-evident, is comfort, and an atmosphere of composure which is inherent in all things which have purpose as well as beauty.

5. Curtains are of blue and white cretonne and the divan seat is upholstered in blue with white piping which repeats the colour note of the old white china which is a decorative feature of the scheme.

6. The bed quilt, like the rug in the living-room, grew by inches. Squares of quilting (this was a family project) were joined one by one to make the whole.

7. Only visible concessions to modernity are in the kitchen, which still maintains its period character with a traditional wallpaper and pinewood cupboards.

8. An old maple-wood cabinet, wax polished to a warm lustre, is flanked by a farmhouse rocker, holds clear white decorative china and some silver dishes.

The rigours of a well-earned holiday are often quite severe and yet they are taken without undue fuss. When you acquire a second-degree burn sun-bathing you think nothing of it, but if you were exposed to the danger of the same discomfort while earning your living you would feel very ill done by, and rightly so. It is a pity that there is no union to look after the interests of holiday-makers, but on second thoughts it might take half the fun of a holiday away if there were no risk of being overcharged for bad food and moderate accommodation, no dance band, packed like sardines in a railway carriage and no danger of being burned to a crisp while sun-bathing.

In Search of Glamour...

Jane Gordon

GOING into the kitchen the other evening I found my dachshund enjoying a tasty meal and I made so bold as to suggest that he should have his dinner earlier. I was informed rather haughtily that he had had his dinner hours ago, but this was his "afters." I never before had heard of "afters," and it occurred to me that it might be a good idea if I gave you some suggestions for "afters" that you may find useful when you return from your holidays.

The sun and salt breezes will have tanned your skin to a delicious honey shade. The sunshine will have bleached your hair and you should be glowing with health. There is nothing prettier than a real sun-tan, but unfortunately when it begins to fade your skin will look dull and dingy and you will be in need of a reconditioning face treatment. Bright sunshine and salt breezes are apt to pencil little lines around your eyes and sea-water dries the natural sheen out of your hair, leaving it depressingly lack-lustre. Even eyelashes can have the colour bleached out of them by sunshine and salt water. Here are some reconditioning "afters."

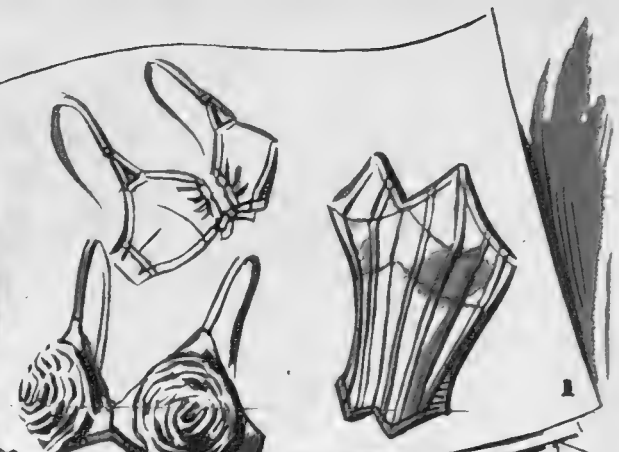
SMEAR a tiny spot of castor-oil over your lids and around your eyes every day before you get into the bath. The steam from the bath will encourage the skin to absorb the oil and help to erase the lines. When you make up your face smear on a little more castor-oil and blot it off with a cleansing tissue. Get an eyelash brush and brush your eyelashes and eyebrows with a little castor-oil or white vaseline. This will help to darken them and give them back their natural sheen.

Massage your scalp every day for a fortnight with an oil hair tonic. Spray a little brilliantine on your hair-brush, rub the brush briskly over the palm of your hand to distribute the oil evenly across the bristles and use this to brush your hair.

Give yourself a daily face massage with an emollient skin food, and the best for this purpose are the orange skin foods. Use plenty of hand lotion for your throat, arms, hands—not forgetting your elbows. Remember that even your cuticles may have dried out, so use a little cuticle oil every night.

You can hasten fading sun-tan by face-masks. One beauty parlour gives an anti-brown mask treatment which not only whisks away fading tan, but helps to clear and brighten the complexion. Almost every beauty parlour has bleach treatment in its repertoire. For those who have neither the time to go to a beauty parlour (*Continued on page* 58)

Seen in Passing



1. THREE clever bras. "Lysette," a new principle of uplift for the average figure, specially designed for the fashionable "plunge" neckline. Price 29s. 6d. "Make Believe," in daintily ruched nylon net to give a natural and youthful bust-line to the too-slender figure. Washes like a dream and requires no ironing. Price 63s. "Lydia," a strapless bra for the heavier figure. Feather-boned to control the "spare tyre." Price 49s. 6d. All these bras, are made to measure, by post if you are not able to call at the salon personally.

2. A MATERNITY skirt, cunningly designed by Gor-ray to keep your secret longer. The front panel is a generous inverted pleat which can be let out and pressed in place as required. Made in a variety of cloths, including grey worsted and various fancy-weave wools. Price 3 gns. to 5 gns.

3. PROFESSIONAL pleating and self-covered buttons can give that bespoke touch to home dressmaking. A firm in London will do crystal, ray or fancy pleating most reasonably. Take or send your material to them for expert advice.

4. SOMETHING to amuse the children. The Spiv Barrow-boy and the Cockney Porter from the range of "Woggle" toys, a name which aptly describes the waddling walk of these engaging little characters. The toys are strongly made and there is no clockwork to come to pieces in tiny fingers. Price 3s. 9d. each.

5. FOR residents of one London district only as yet, but, we hope, for many others later, a self-service laundry. At the "Launderette," appointments can be booked for one or more of the automatic washing machines. The family wash is brought along in 9-lb. bundles and then serviced through the processes of washing, triple rinsing and spin-drying to remove moisture, all for a charge of 2s. 6d. a time.

If you like details of any item from this page, write, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope, to Woman's Department, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

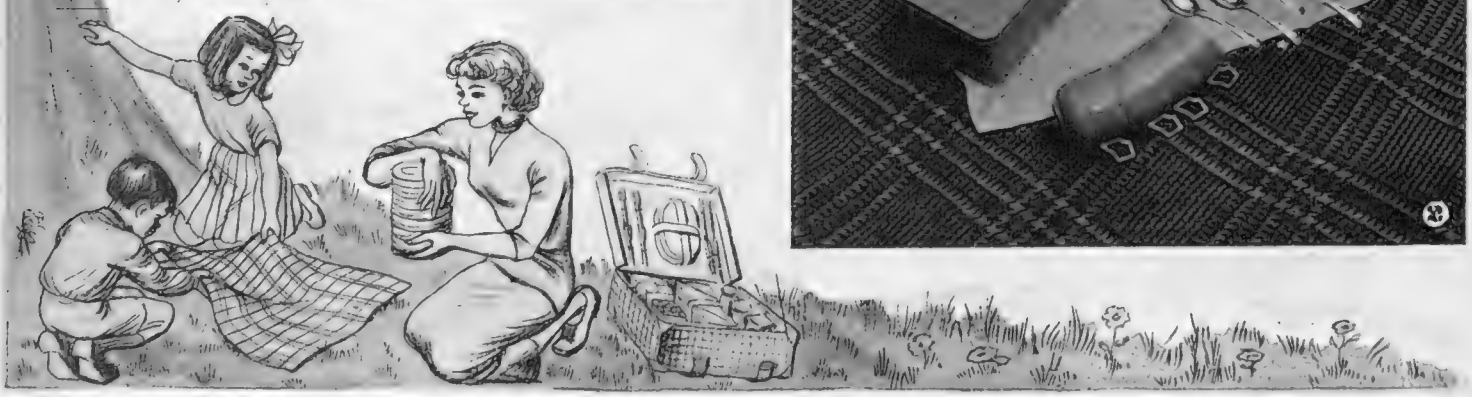
Tea Outdoors

TEA out of doors on an August afternoon conjures up visions of coolness and elegant ease in a shady corner of the garden or somewhere upstream, moored to a willow bank. But reality, often presents undreamt-of irritations amongst which midges and non-boiling kettles are not the least. The right equipment, however, can go a long way towards ensuring the success of an alfresco meal, and here is some of the latest equipment designed to make outdoor tea as comfortable as any.

1. A cane and glass tea trolley resiliently constructed to negotiate bumps in the lawn without disaster is decorative enough for indoor use. The Royal Worcester china teapot and hot-water jug make an attractive garden set, otherwise decorated china can occasionally be picked up if you hunt for it.

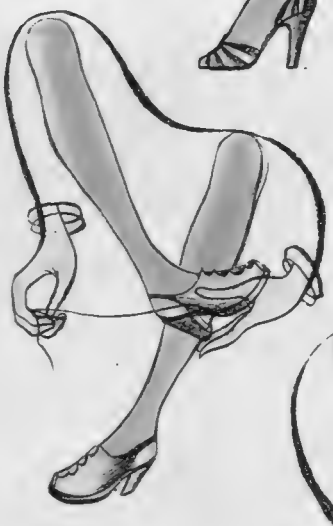
2. A shoulder-bag picnic set, easy to carry and made in white, red or green to match your summer ensemble. The set includes vacuum flasks, cups, spoons, sugar and milk non-spill containers and sandwich box, and is made in two sizes, for two or four persons. If you prefer tea freshly-made on the spot, the Volcano kettle will solve the camp-fire problem. Four sheets of newspaper are enough to boil one pint of water in this scientifically constructed kettle, or dry twigs or wood shavings will do just as miraculously. The water container packs away neatly inside the kettle for easy transport. Paper tablecloths and napkins, inexpensive and easy to get now, solve the table-linen problem.

3. Colour in the garden is essential, and this pink American glass tea-set makes a charming alternative to decorated china. Cool and dainty to look at, this glass is just as strong in use as the more usual materials



Your SOLE Support

Check sandals for firm-fitting waist, well-balanced heel and secure fastenings.



Platform shoes are better with sewn rather than stuck-on soles.

Aim at flexibility for sport, whether nailed, stuck or sewn soles.

I WOULDN'T be in your shoes—and you, if sensible, wouldn't be in mine.

Because the whole essence of a "good" shoe lies in the way it fits the wearer's foot as well as whether it is made of good material and incorporates skilled workmanship. Start even the best shoe off on the wrong foot and you are heading it for ruin.

The first safeguard against a bad buy is to choose a retailer with a reputable name. If something goes wrong with shoes bought from him, take them back. From any reputable shop, the shoes go back to the manufacturer, who has a chance to correct the fault—and to learn something for the next time.

Look for balance. A good shoe looks as if it can move without effort, the heel must never "dig under," and the waist (under the arch of your foot) should be firm.

WHEN tried on, a good shoe fits snugly round the quarters (the top of the shoe) and is comfortable in the tread across the toe-joints. Try out the tread by bending the foot well forward. See your toe does not reach the end of the shoe and never let an assistant assure you that a shoe which feels uncomfortable will "ease to the foot" as you wear it. This means nothing more than that your foot will gradually wear everything out of shape.

IN the opinion of experts, hand-sewn shoes are still the best but rarely found now except at a bespoke shoemaker's. Platform and sports shoes—except with crêpe rubber soles—are best with sewn soles. With other shoes, stuck-on methods of manufacture, using latex or cement, have been perfected and are excellent for light-weight models because of the great flexibility they give.

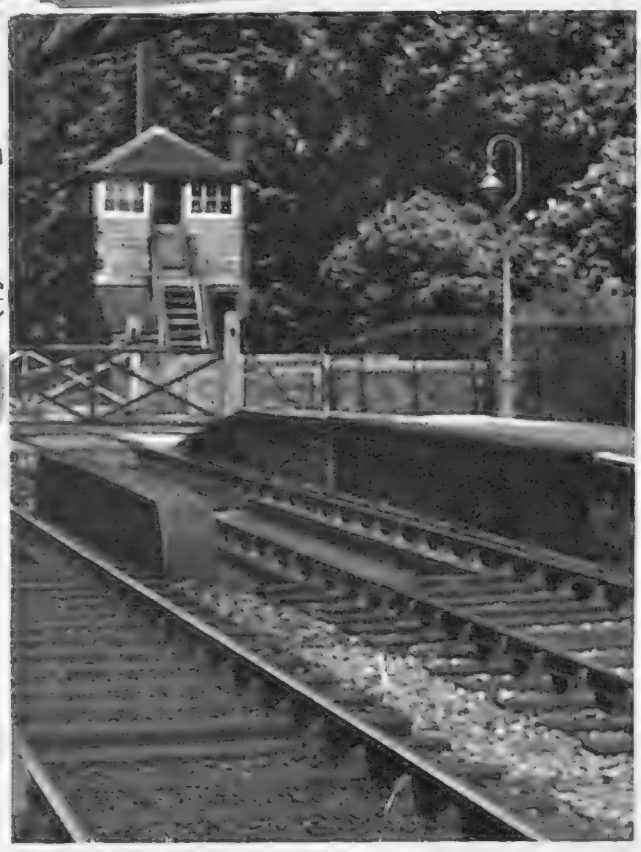
Probably the *safest* buy, if you are concentrating on material, is calf, which "looks like itself" even to someone who knows practically nothing about leather. Watch, when you are choosing suède, that the colour does not come off on your hand as you handle it.

SANDALS still hold their own ground for popularity. Choose them without too large a toe opening; they should hold the foot firmly. A definite heel fastening, either buckle or tie, takes a load off your mind trying to keep them on. Put your foot down when fitting them and check with a vertical pencil that your toe reaches no farther than the inner-sole line at the front and that your heel does not jut over the same line at the back. A firm waist and well-balanced heel are essential in high-heeled sandals.

YOU will never be happy in a shoe until you have found and keep to the right-height heel for your own type of foot that suits your instep and gives you comfort in walking.

Regular cleaning with a good cleaning preparation, constant repairs to toes and heels, and good-fitting trees—inserted when shoes are taken off and still warm—are essential helps to a shoe's long life and, if you have money enough to lay in a stock of seven pairs or more, it is right to wear a different pair every day. It pays in the long run and is the kindest treatment to your shoes—your sole support from morning till night!

It's in the Bag



YOU are nearly on the train. For two or three blissful weeks at least, the responsibilities of an office job or household chores can be banished completely. For the first time for a year, you can sit back and study your looks coolly and collectedly.

Because you will have time to enjoy them, treat yourself to the little toilet luxuries you have, up till now, denied yourself. Let your holiday pack include all those beauty aids which you cannot find time for in the hectic routine of everyday life.

Odd bottles and jars scattered throughout your luggage will not give the same air of leisured luxury as a fitted beauty case. The Travelette is a good one to remember, for although it is small enough to be tucked into a corner, it contains all the basic essentials for skin-care. It is illustrated in the small drawing immediately topping this column. There are two versions, one for the dry normal skin and one for the oily skin, and each case contains a cleansing milk, a skin food, a skin tonic and a foundation cream sufficient to last at least fourteen days. It costs 25s.

TAKE with you your favourite *aides de toilette* and bath luxuriously and at leisure. Follow the bath with a rub-down with toilet water. Cusson's Linden Blossom Toilet Water is a cool fragrance in an elegant flash pack.

ARMS and legs must be smooth and unblemished. Harsh methods of dispatching unwanted hair have been outmoded with the appearance of a new depilatory. The cream is smoothed on the legs, you relax for a few minutes, and then the cream is washed off, leaving the skin smooth and baby-soft.

A perfumed cream deodorant is a luxury edition of a necessary item for your holiday pack. The cream is coolly perfect to apply and leaves no film but its own fragrance.

A STOCKINGLESS cream which does not rub off on clothes, will not spot in the rain and leave the skin silky-smooth, is the one to take away with you for use before your legs acquire a tan of their own. There is a small Introductory size for travelling and holiday use.

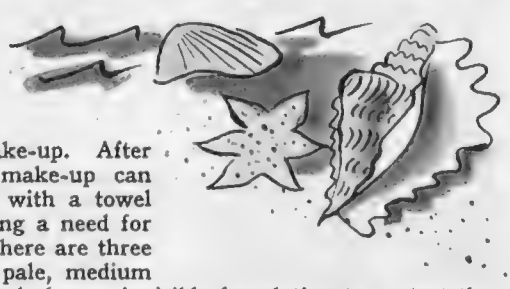
IF the wind and sun prove drying to skins already tried by lack of pure fats in the diet, the holiday will provide time for an occasional facial which you cannot fit into the ordinary daily routine. There are beauty salons at most holiday resorts, but if you find yourself far from these sophisticated amenities of civilisation, give the facial yourself. If you would like to know what preparations you will need and how to apply them best for your particular skin type, please write to me and I shall be happy to advise you.

Waterproof Make-Up.

Essential properties of a holiday make-up is that it should be waterproof and capable of standing up to more than one dip in the sea.

If you are aiming at getting as deep a natural tan as possible, combine tan lotion with make-up foundation. In this case, choose "Tan," a cream sun-filter that makes an excellent powder base and does not come off in the water. Price 5s. An oily lipstick in a clear red to challenge the brilliance of the sun, and a dusting of powder after each dip will be all the make-up you require.

If, however, you want a heavier maquillage or wish to prevent your natural tan deepening further, Pan-Cake Make-up is an efficient and attractive swim-time make-up. After bathing, the make-up can be patted dry with a towel without showing a need for retouching. There are three shades, for a pale, medium or deep tan, and also an invisible foundation to protect the dry skin from the drying effects of this type of make-up.



Waterproof lipstick and eyelash make-up which can be safely applied before bathing is made by the same house. The lipstick is made in a scientifically graded range of tones for each colour type, and the Eyelash Make-up in three shades, for black and brown lashes and a special one for the "in-betweens."

More Than Skin Deep

MOST young girls go through the "spotty stage" and a common complaint of the youngster is a relaxed, excessively oily skin, more often than not associated with blackheads and acne.

A blackhead is a discoloured plug of grease in the hair follicle which can, with certain precautions, be squeezed out. Acne thrives in grease and frequently infections set in resulting in spots and boils.

Although there is a constitutional factor in adolescent acne, much can be done to improve the condition with careful diet and treatment.

Sweets must be banned for they have a pernicious effect on the complaint. Starchy foods such as potatoes and bread should be cut, too, substituting fresh fruit and green vegetables in their place.

It is most important that the bowels should be regular, and if necessary a mild aperient should be taken daily. Fresh air and sunlight are also very necessary to stimulate the circulation and improve the blood supply.

SEVERE cases of acne should be treated by a doctor or skin specialist as they can sometimes prove most stubborn. Mild cases, however, can often be successively treated at home. Treatment should aim at keeping the skin scrupulously clean and free from grease. The skin should be washed thoroughly at least twice a day with warm water and a medicated soap. Steaming will relax the skin sufficiently to allow the blackheads to be expressed without damage to the surrounding tissues.

First wash the face thoroughly with a medicated soap, massaging the lather well into the skin. Now steam the face for ten minutes covering the head with a towel so that none of the steam escapes. The blackheads may now be coaxed to the surface by pressing once or twice with the fingers covered with a tissue. Always follow by bathing with a little boric acid solution to ward off infection and finish with a splash of cold water to close the pores.

Health and Beauty by Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty problems, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope

A RELAXED, open-pored, oily skin is more than usually liable to infection and should not be allowed to go uncorrected. A new preparation has come into the market in the form of a fat-solvent solution which will prove a boon to all those who suffer the disfigurements of a greasy skin. This solution dissolves the plugs of grease that form at the opening of the grease gland and if used regularly will slowly normalize the working of the gland itself, bringing the skin back to a naturally healthy condition and texture. This solution can be effectively used in all cases where enlarged pores and blackheads are associated with an over-greasy skin, but owing to its marked de-greasing effect, is not suitable for dry skins.

Cold Fish Dishes

COLD fish combines well with a good summer salad and one can often use up remnants of cooked fish either in this way or in little Aspic Moulds. Shell-fish such as lobster, crab and shrimps make decorative and tasty dishes and need not prove extravagant for a family if mixed with other fish or used as the foundation of a salad or made-up dish. By making a good variety of fish dishes and introducing the many delicious vegetables and herbs which are abundant just now one can help out the meat problem without monotony.

SALMON NESTS

SALMON NESTS

Ingredients: 3 lemons; 1 cutlet cooked salmon; cucumber; radishes; cupful cooked peas; mayonnaise; green salad.

Cut lemons in half. Squeeze out juice and scoop out insides. Slice some cucumber in very thin rounds; cut points off lemons so that they stand; line sides with cucumber dipped in vinegar. If lemons are not available substitute ramikin dishes. Put a few peas at bottom, cream salmon with a little mayonnaise and flavour with lemon juice. Pile in centre of cucumber, place radish rose on top of each. Arrange attractive salads on individual plates. Place a "nest" in centre of each.

DRESSED CRAB

Ingredients: 1 large crab; dessertspoonful parsley; 2 tablespoonfuls vinegar; dessertspoonful oil; 1 hard-boiled egg (optional); seasoning; salt, pepper and cayenne.

Pick meat from crab except small claws. Wash and dry shell. Mix crab meat with oil, vinegar, seasonings and chopped egg white. Pack tightly into shell. Decorate surface with border of small bits of parsley, egg yolk rubbed through sieve. Serve on bed of watercress or shredded lettuce with claws arranged round.

SOUSED HERRINGS

Ingredients: 6 fresh herrings; ¼ pint vinegar; ½ gill water; pinch salt; 12 peppercorns; 1 small blade mace; ½ bayleaf.

Wash and clean herrings. Remove heads, tails and fins. Remove backbones with sharp pointed knife. Roll fish up; lay in a shallow fireproof dish. Mix vinegar with water; add salt and flavourings. Pour over fish. Cover with lid or closely with greased paper. Bake in slow oven, Regulo 3 or 275° F., about 30 minutes. Serve cold, garnished with parsley and watercress.

LOBSTER CUPS

Ingredients: 1 lobster; 1 oz. margarine; ½ teaspoonful anchovy essence; ¼ pint white sauce; 2 tablespoonfuls top of milk; 2 eggs or 1 if scarce. Seasoning.

Pick meat from lobster and pound till creamy. Add egg yolks, margarine (melted) and milk. Season with salt, pepper and very little cayenne. Cook very gently over low flame till mixture starts to set; stir in white sauce, colour with few drops cochineal. Whisk egg white till stiff; fold in; cook about a minute longer, turn into individual glasses or soup cups. Serve cold, garnished with watercress.

FISH CREAM

Ingredients: ½ lb. cooked fish or tin of fish; ½ pint milk or milk and water; 1 oz. cornflour; ½ oz. margarine; dessertspoonful chopped fennel; about ½ lb. raw carrot, grated; lettuce, cucumber, radishes, tomatoes, mayonnaise.

Skin, bone and cream fish. Make a paste with cornflour and a little of the cold milk. Boil remainder and pour on to paste. Return to pan and cook 2 or 3 minutes till thickened, stirring all the time. Season and if available add a squeeze of lemon juice. Mix in fish, margarine, fennel. Pour on to wetted mould and leave some hours to set.

Prepare a green salad with shredded lettuce, cucumber, radish roses, tomatoes and grated carrot mixed with mayonnaise. Turn mould out into centre of salad.

By Harriet Muir

SAVOURY DOMINOES

DRESSED CRAB

Cocktail Snacks

COCKTAIL tit-bits need more artistry than materials. It is useful when preparing them to make a number of biscuits from a basic recipe, cut them out very small and in a variety of interesting shapes. These can then be sandwiched with a little savoury paste or peanut butter, or decorated on top. Pipe green savoury butter on top and sprinkle with chopped nuts and a tiny stick of celery heart, chopped olive or a scrap of anchovy and a stuffed olive, a prawn or one or two shrimps. Here are two useful biscuit recipes.

PLAIN BISCUITS

Ingredients: ½ lb. flour; milk and water to mix; teaspoon baking powder; ½ teaspoonful salt.

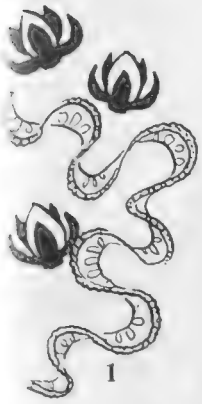
Add salt and baking powder to flour. Form stiff dough with milk and water mixed. Roll very thin. Prick all over and cut into shapes. Bake 15 minutes, Regulo 5 or 400° F.

CHEESE BISCUITS

Ingredients: 8 oz. flour; 2 oz. margarine; 3 oz. grated cheese, seasoning.

Add cheese to flour, rub in fat, add a little water to form stiff dough. Roll out, cut into shapes and bake 15 to 20 minutes, Regulo 5 or 400° F.

Garnish With Care



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IT is more than ever important to-day that food should be attractively served. An artistic eye and skill in choice of garnish (bearing in mind flavour as much as colour) are two of the cook's greatest assets, in preparing all types of dishes. Simple decorations which can be used for savoury as well as sweet dishes are illustrated on this page.

Among the best vegetable garnishes are radishes which can be cut to resemble water-lilies, carrots, either baby ones or big ones, cut with fancy cutters into pretty shapes, peas and watercress. Tomatoes always give a pleasing colour note. Other tasty and decorative garnishes are olives, hard-boiled eggs, shrimps and various savoury butters piped through a forcing tube. Savoury butters can be made by creaming margarine with any flavouring such as tomato ketchup, cheese (1 oz. grated cheese to 2 oz. margarine), herbs, flavourings, etc.

Here is a recipe which, with a clever use of garnish, makes an important main dish for a cold repast, from very simple ingredients:

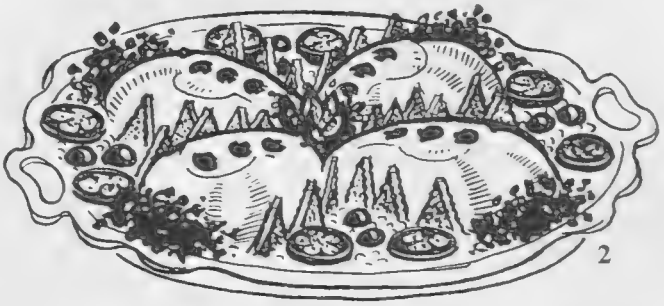
SAVOURY DOMINOES

Ingredients: 4 oz. flour; 4 oz. mashed potato; 2 oz. margarine; seasoning.

Ingredients. Savoury Filling.—¼ lb. cooked rabbit, or tin pâté de foie gras; 3 or 4 cooked mushrooms; 2 rashers fried bacon; 1 dessertspoonful mayonnaise.

Cheese Butter.—2 oz. margarine; 1 oz. grated cheese; seasoning.

(*Continued on page* 58)



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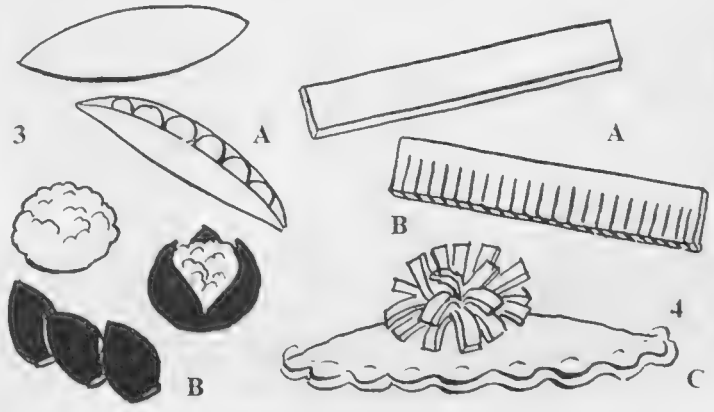

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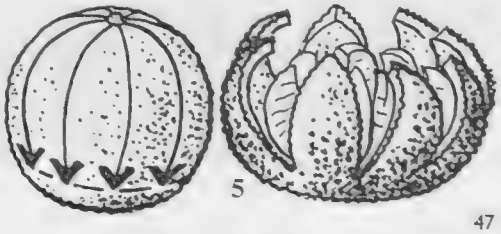

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1. *Savoury garnish of radish water-lilies and spirally-cut cucumber or lemon (flesh and peel)*

2. *Casserole of pigeon garnished with button mushrooms, tomato rings, triangles of toast and sprigs of watercress served on a silver dish*

3. *Almond paste decoration. (A) Peas in their pod; (B) miniature cauliflowers. Ball of natural coloured almond paste, roughed with fork to resemble flower. Leaves cut from paste tinted green with green vegetable colouring,*

4. *Pie pastry garnish. (A) Strip of pastry, 1 in. by 10 in., fringed with knife (B); (C) the finished tassel, rolled up and dipped into hole in piecrust. Add pastry leaves if desired*

5. *How to prepare an orange for dessert*

Peachblossom and Purslane

IF as you help yourself to beauty from the potted potions of the twentieth century you ever weary of it all, ponder the problems of your ancestors and bow to their perseverance. Yesterday—or in 1687 to be precise—beauty like charity began at home and many a fair brow wrinkled over a decoction of groundsel, mugwort, peachblossom and purslane, brewed especially to smooth it.

John Shirley, beautician—if only he had known the word—of Restoration's Merry England, advises his fair reader thus: "To restore a ruby face to its former complexion (are rubies no more enduring than roses?) take the yolks of two eggs, an ounce of fresh butter, four drams of camphor, half a pint of rose-water, an ounce of oyle of bays; mingle them well . . . and anoint the face."

This would leave you with two whites of egg. If meringues were not required for tea and still the complexion did not please, it could be made "clear, white and smooth" by mixing the egg whites with "an ounce of barrow's grease (real lard not 'cooking fat,' please note), half an ounce of the ashes of bay-tree roots or leaves, a quarter of an ounce of honey-of-roses, and a quarter of a pint of plantane water."

Freckles should be treated with spirits of wine, rosemary flowers, elder-leaves, and the marrow of sheep's feet. It is as simple as that!

DID the dark lady of the sonnets know this one? "To make hair black, take two ounces of the juice of green walnuts as much as that of red poppeys, an ounce of the oyle of myrtle, and of that of costomary the like quantity; boil 'em to an ointment and anoint the hair . . . often." Or this? "Clean the hair from

dust by washing in rose vinegar (there was nothing to beat a soapless shampoo, even in 1687) then boil an ounce of turmeric, the like quantity of rhubarb, with the leaves of bay-trees cut small, to the quantity of a handful, boiled in a quart of water wherein half a pound of alum has been dissolved; and by often washing your head with the decoction, it will make your hair fair and lovely." "To curl the hair," he goes on, "take three ounces of pine-nut kernels, dry them and beat them into powder, then add to them half a pint of the water of wallflowers, and two ounces of the oyle of myrtle: boil them into a thickness, and straining out the liquid part, anoint the hair, and roll it up, and so you will find that in twice or thrice doing it will keep the curl."

No one will disagree with our sixteenth-century authority that bloodshot eyes are a handicap in the beauty stakes. "If your eyes are bloodshot, to remove that unseemly grievance, take two ounces of the roots of red fennel, stamp them and press out the juice, and mingle it with half an ounce of clarified honey; heat them gently until they become an ointment, and anoint the eyelids. Then"—and now comes the *coup de grace*—"wash the eyes with white wine."

Bathing being, we suspect, less of a routine than a ritual, here are instructions, "To make a sweet bath: Take the flowers or peels of citrons, the flowers of oranges and gessmine, lavender, hysop, bay-leaves; the flowers of rosemary, comfrey, and the seeds of coriander, endive and sweet marjoram; the berries of myrtle and juniper; boil them in spring water, after they are bruised, until a third part of the liquid matter is consumed and enter it in a bathing tub. . . . This will indifferently (*sic*) serve for beauty and health."

FINALLY a caution from Shirley "Imagine not, that I undertake this treatise to create in you the least self-conceit or extravagant opinion of your merits, by putting in your hands an opportunity to render yourselves more beautiful, if possibly it may be, but to preserve what you have, at least from the ruins of time. . . ."

JOHN SAUNDERS

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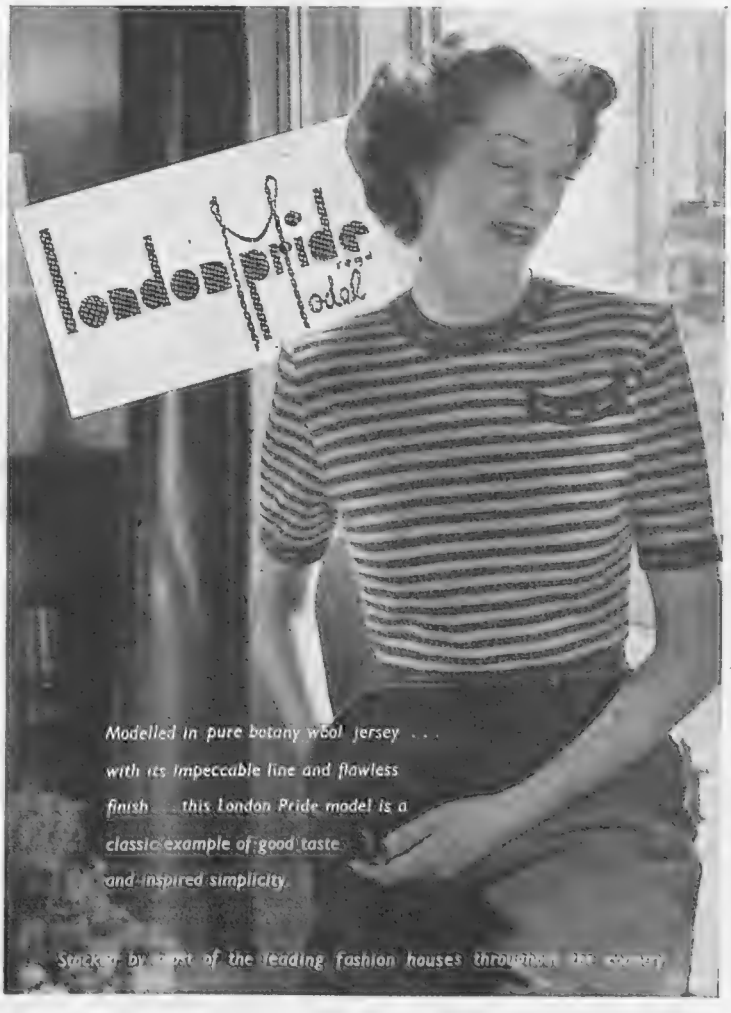
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Mask Of Marriage

(Continued from page 12)

flourished its painted blazon—Café of the Prémont Network. Hal walked forward and held aside the bead curtain, and there was Jenny in the arms of a dumpy old lady with grey, neat hair and a calm face.

"Why so long, Jenny?" she was saying. "I knew you'd come one day, but why so long? All the others have been to see me—except for one. He's with *you*, eh? You've brought him?"

"Odeyne?" Jenny said. "No, Mère Raymonde. Haven't *you* heard from him?"

"No sight nor sound since the war," said the old lady—"not so much as a postcard." She caught sight of Hal, then, standing against the sun-chinked bead curtain, and her hands dropped from Jenny's shoulders. "Monsieur?"

Jenny turned quickly. "Oh, Mère Raymonde, this is Hal Kegan—my husband."

"Your husband?" Hal caught the surprise in the old lady's tone, before she took his hand in both of hers, looking up at him with clear, blue, searching eyes. "Be proud of her, Hal," she said.

"I *am* proud of her, Mère Raymonde," Hal said—"and proud to meet her friends."

"Ah, her friends. Some of them will be here presently." Mère Raymonde reached across the zinc counter to a shelf where photographs of boxers, actors and track cyclists were arrayed among the bottles, and filled three glasses with white wine. "You see our new name over the door, Jenny? This is still the rendezvous for the 'Prémont' people. On Wednesdays, such of them as are in Paris come here to lunch. There aren't so many left, now. The old crowd is scattered. A dozen might come to-day—it being Wednesday—perhaps twenty. Some are doing well. That Louis Monnard, for example, it is difficult to see how the Bourse could get along without him. Others—what would you? Life is a see-saw. But up or down, they all know there's lunch to be found, and friends, at the old rendezvous of a Wednesday. And they come back sooner or later. They remember how it used to be between all of us, eh? One can't quite forget, Jenny?"

"No," said Jenny softly, "one can't quite forget."

"Listen," said Mère Raymonde. And as voices sounded in the alley, she beamed. "You'll take the counter for me, Jenny? Here are some of them coming, now. I go to look to my girls in the kitchen."

Jenny lifted the flap and went quickly behind the counter. Hal never had seen her so radiant. Three young men, one a lieutenant in uniform and blue kepi, pushed in through the bead curtain.

"The messieurs wish?" said Jenny formally.

They looked at her. They stared. They gave one great shout: "*Jenny!*"

IT was a noisy party that sat down to lunch at a long table in a small, paved courtyard the back. Jenny was the centre of all the talk; and from what Hal, with his slightly laborious French, was able to make out, it was clear that Simon Odeyne—"Prémont," as they mostly called him—was the hero of these people. He, who had been their leader, had become something very like their legend.

The blonde girl, Claire, said presently, we've often wondered why he should never have come back to see us—never written even to Mère Raymonde. Jenny, you were literally his right hand. Surely *you've* heard from him since the war!"

Hal felt in himself a curious tension as he waited for her reply. She only shook her head.

The young officer said, "He's forgotten us."

"Look among the ribbons on your own tunic, Marchand," said Mère Raymonde quietly. "He forgot none of us when he returned to England. There were citations, from his government, for us all—even an old lady like me. Whose report got them for us?"

"True," said a huge, wild-haired, bearded young man. "No, Marchand, it is simply the difference between the professional and the amateur. We were all wartime amateurs recruited by him. Clandestine work was a purple patch in our lives, an adventure we'll never forget. But he's a pro. Peace or war, he's just doing a job—one much like another. Look at the Denise Tral case——"

"He recruited her," the blonde girl explained to Hal, "and the little rat, with her angel face and her honey hair, turned out to be a playback—she was working for the enemy. She had a contact arranged with them the very night Odeyne found out the truth about her. She knew every safe address. She'd have blown the lot of us that night. She was actually on her way. It was a near thing. She was on the platform of the Pantheon Metro station when Odeyne caught up with her——"

"Enough," said Mère Raymonde sharply. "There was only one traitor. Why remember her?"

"I'm sorry, Mère Raymonde," said the bearded young man, and he raised his glass. "To the Boss—wherever he is."

Lunch came to an end. The sun glared down on empty bottles and coffee-cups on the long table. Most of the party gathered round Jenny, giving her addresses, invitations. Hal felt a touch on his arm.

"I want to talk to you," said Louis Monnard. "Come inside."

Hal followed him through into the empty *café*. The street door was locked. Monnard stepped behind the bar and poured a couple of cognacs.

He said curtly, "He's not so far away."

"Who?" said Hal.

"Odeyne," Monnard said. He pushed one of the thimble glasses across to Hal and looked at him directly. "You've seen enough, Hal, to know how we all feel about Odeyne and Jenny and Mère Raymonde. There's nothing we wouldn't do, any of us, for those three. That's why I've got to tell you that if I'd seen Jenny to-day and hadn't known you existed, I'd have told her at once that Odeyne's in Paris and I know where. And I'd have believed I was doing them both a service."

It was very quiet, so quiet that Hal could hear the slow, deliberate punching in his own chest. Monnard was telling him that Jenny and Odeyne had loved each other, that somehow things had gone awry for them, and that he believed they now both of them bitterly regretted it. But Jenny had said, "It was just a cover story 'marriage,' Hal—nothing more."

"I like you," Monnard said. "I've seen the way you look at her, Hal, and I believe her happiness comes first with you. Look at the position I'm in. If I tell her Odeyne's in Paris, I might harm you. If I just keep my mouth shut, I might harm her. I can't accept the responsibility of deciding, so I'm telling *you*. You know whether Jenny's happy with you, or not—I don't. It's for *you* to decide whether she's to know where Odeyne is."

Hal picked up one of the thimble glasses. He stared at it, his brown face impassive. He felt that he had known, all through this past year, that there was a test to be faced, an inevitable test, before Jenny and he ever could reach sure ground. He felt as if, in his heart, he always had known, without admitting to himself, that the test wasn't really Paris, just a place, but a person, a man, a man with whom for sixteen months of thrill and hazard she had lived under a cover story.

"Where is he?" Hal said.

"Hotel St. Gabriel, Avenue Mozart," said Monnard. "I went there three days ago, to book a room for a friend, and I walked straight into Odeyne in the foyer. I didn't blurt out his name, of course, and it was as well. He's calling himself 'Réolle.' He asked me not to tell anyone he was here, and I wouldn't have done—but for Jenny showing up here to-day."

Hal still stared at his glass. He could say nothing; he could try to get Jenny out of Paris quickly. . . .

His own thought *(Continued on page 52)*

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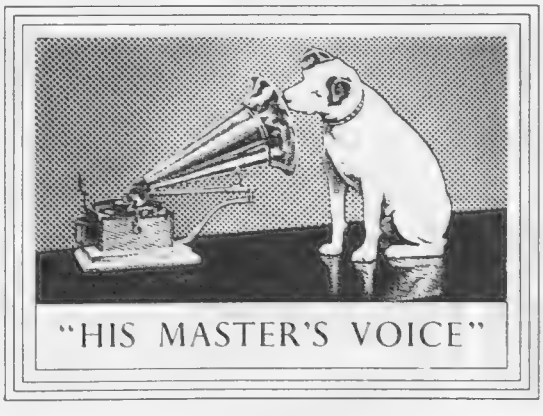

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so shocked him that he spoke with harshness.

"Tell her," he said.

"Tell her?" said Monnard, staring.

Hal drank his cognac. He returned the glass carefully to the counter. She mustn't be made to feel that she was compelled to speak of the matter to him; it would be better that she shouldn't know Monnard had spoken to him first. She must be entirely free to do as she thought best. He looked at Monnard.

"Tell her just as you'd have told her if I didn't exist, Monnard," he said. "All right?"

THEY had dinner in the restaurant of the hotel that evening, just Jenny and Hal. It was quiet here, and peaceful, and Jenny was quiet, too. She looked a little pale and her brown eyes were thoughtful.

"Tired, dear?" he asked her.

"I am, a bit," she admitted. "Seeing them all again was so—*you* know. But I'm glad we came. Trying to put them all out of my mind, as I did at first—trying to pretend I just didn't care, just wasn't interested in what had become of people who'd meant so tremendously much to me once—it was wrong. I'm so glad we came." She smiled at him suddenly across the pinklit table. "I've made an awful lot of dates for us, I'm afraid. You don't mind?"

"You know I don't," said Hal, and he waited.

He waited, praying inside himself, for her to tell him about Simon Odeyne being in Paris.

He waited in vain.

Lying awake that night, he wondered if he had been a fool to give Monnard the green light. He didn't know. All he knew was, he had had to do it.

"Humdrum," he thought bleakly, "that's me."

He knew just what it meant when, after morning coffee and croissants in their room, Jenny said that she had some shopping to do. He knew only too well where she was going, and his heart sank.

"It'd be dull for you," said Jenny brightly. "Meet you for lunch here?"

"Fine," said Hal, no less brightly. "I'll stay and sharpen my French on the newspapers."

Jenny patted the top of his blond head. "Your French is *good*!"

He heard the click of her heels down the stairs, and he stood up, feeling pretty wretched, and walked over to the window.

Jenny's trim, bright figure came out from the hotel and crossed the street obliquely towards the wide, grey arch of the Pont Royal. She signalled a taxi, stepped into it. And a man who was standing at a bookstall near the bridge laid down the book he held, walked quickly to the kerb, and ducked into a small blue *coupé*.

He was a lean, tall man in a grey suit and a beret.

The last time Hal had seen him had been at the Gare St. Lazare and he had been wearing a white raincoat.

THE blue *coupé* shot away from the kerb. The taxi, flashing yellow in the sun, slid over the bridge. The blue *coupé* followed. And the rigour which had held Hal for a second motionless at the window left him. He snatched up his jacket.

Striding long-legged down the stairs, pulling on the jacket as he went, he ran out hatless into the sunshine. Of course, the landscape was barren of taxis, which a minute before, it seemed, had been swarming.

Half running, half walking, he had crossed the bridge and reached the flaming flowerbeds and strenuous statuary of the Tuileries Gardens before a taxi came along.

"Avenue Mozart," he said, "and hurry!"

He was gambling. Jenny's taxi and the blue *coupé* were long gone from view; he had no idea which way they had turned, over the bridge. He was gambling on his belief that she was headed for the address Monnard had given her. But suppose he were wrong?

He leaned forward tensely. "How far's this Avenue Mozart?"

"Ten minutes," said the driver.

Ten minutes through these broad, splendid, sun-glittering thoroughfares—Place du Canada, Cours de la Reine, Place du Trocadero—seemed ten hours to him. He was sweating as he stared out, watching the street names. Chausée de la Muette. Avenue Mozart—at last.

"Whereabouts in Avenue Mozart, monsieur?" asked the driver.

"It's all right," Hal said. "Stop here."

He had guessed right. A hundred yards ahead, the blue *coupé* was parked under a tree. He thrust a banknote at the taxi-driver and headed with long strides for the *coupé*.

It was empty, standing parked near the corner of a side street—a cul-de-sac, Hal saw, looking into it. Each side was a small, tree-shaded, unrailed garden, with seats and bright flowerbeds; and leaning casually against the trunk of a tree in the garden on the left was the tall man in the beret.

Screened and shadowed by the foliage, he was gazing up at the rambling old building which blocked the cul-de-sac. Crumbling letters on a cream wall read "Hotel St. Gabriel." Windows and faded blue shutters all stood wide open to the sun, and at a first floor window, with her back to it, Jenny was standing, talking to someone in the room. She walked from view just as Hal saw her.

His shadow fell across the grass, then merged into the tree-shadow, as he moved up very quietly behind the man in the beret and waited, tense and watchful, a yard behind the man.

Across the window up there, another figure moved—a slender, quick man, not much taller than Jenny, with sleek black hair. Something said by the blonde girl Clair at Mère Raymonde's flicked across Hal's mind, "You were literally his right hand, Jenny." He knew, now, why she had said, "literally," for the man up there with Jenny had an empty sleeve. He was Odeyne.

Now, he was at the window again. His back to it, he was talking; Hal could see him gesticulating with the cigarette in his one hand.

The man in the beret, still leaning against the tree trunk, drew an automatic unhurriedly from the breast of his jacket. Through the screening foliage, he sighted upward at Odeyne's head.

He only sighted. Then his wrist was clamped in both Hal's big, tennis-player's hands, and with a twist and heave of his long, loose-limbed body, Hal flung him five yards across the turf, out into the burning glare of the sun. He lunged straight after him, and as the man came to his knees, Hal clutched him up by the lapels of his jacket and hit him with every ounce he could muster behind the punch.

He stood over the man, waiting for him to move again, but the man just lay there. Hal picked up the automatic from the turf. Odeyne came running out from the hotel. Jenny was right behind him, and it was at her that Hal looked.

"The man who recognized you at the St. Lazare," he said. "Seems he wanted Odeyne's blood."

Odeyne straightened up from the fallen man's side, and Hal felt a vague surprise to see that Simon Odeyne was at least forty, with a haggard, hard, dark face and blue, cold eyes.

"It had to be him or me, sooner or later," he said. "I'm in Paris on nothing more than a faint hint of this joe's whereabouts."

"Who is he, Simon?" Jenny asked.

"A joe who knows a lot too much about the inside of a good many things, and sells what he knows," Odeyne said. "You've never heard of him, Jenny, but evidently he knew you'd once worked with me. If he recognized you, as Hal here says he did, then he must have imagined you were still in business with me. He evidently didn't realize Hal had got a look at him. He thought all he had to do was watch you, Jenny, till you made a contact with me, then he could settle his little account with me."

"Then I *led* him to you?" Jenny said, in dismay. "Simon! I was so careful, too. Monnard told me you were on a job, that's why I didn't (*Continued on page 55*)

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breathe a word even to Hal about coming to see you."

"No harm done," said Odeyne. "He's coming round—and so are some interested spectators, by the look of it. Help me get him inside there. I'll 'phone my French colleagues and get him put in the jug. Then we'll have a drink, Hal, and get acquainted."

THEY had that drink, and one or two others, up in Odeyne's sunny room; but just what was Odeyne's feeling for Jenny, or Jenny's for this tense, hard-eyed, quick-moving, one-armed man, Hal couldn't judge.

Not till they were on the point of leaving, when Odeyne was opening the door for her, did she turn to him and say, "Don't forget what I came to talk to you about, Simon. They don't say so, but I know they're just a bit hurt, all of them at Mère Raymonde's, that you've never been back to see them, or written even to *her*, or anything. I was as bad, but I'm glad, now, that I came to see them. You're a professional, Simon, and I know those sixteen months were just a job to you. But the rest of us were amateurs, and—after all, you *were* the Boss."

"I know," Odeyne said awkwardly. "I'll do something about it, Jenny. Great people all of them."

Jenny gave him a warm smile. Hal moved to follow her from the room, but Odeyne, with his one hand, drew him back.

"I haven't congratulated you," he said, "on Jenny. No man in my job ever had a team-mate with more courage, unselfishness and idealism than I had when Jenny worked with me. Ours was strictly a cover story 'marriage,' but yours is real. You're a damned lucky man, Hal."

"I know it," Hal said.

Odeyne's lips were a thin line. "I wouldn't like her to know it," he said, "but I hate this town, hate seeing or thinking of anybody in it, even Jenny, who reminds me of the 'Prémont' network. I've only known what love was once in my life——"

They were moving to the door, and his lean fingers bit, as though some thought tortured him, into Hal's shoulder.

"She was a girl called Denise Tral," Odeyne said harshly, "and she died in Paris here. She was electrocuted on the live rail of the Panthéon Metro Station."

END

Britain's Wild Men

(*Continued from page 25*)

term described it.

Did the famous—or infamous—Doones, so well known to generations of readers and to modern cinemagoers, ever really exist? The question is one which has been long and hotly debated, without any satisfactory conclusion being reached. On the one hand, it is pointed out that local history has no record of any such people, and that the dwellers on and about Exmoor before Blackmore's immortal romance was written had never heard of them. On the other side of the question, there are undoubtedly signs of a considerable settlement having existed in what is now known as "the Doone Valley," which are pointed out to visitors as "Doone houses." Blackmore's own reference to "nurse-tales" certainly seems to suggest that he had some kind of oral tradition to work on, however much he may have enlarged and romanticized them.

And, finally, a letter appeared in the early years of the present century in a Somersetshire paper, written by a lady who described herself as a descendant of the Exmoor Doones, and giving a most circumstantial account of the history of the family, who were said to derive their name from Doune Castle in Scotland, of whose owners they were an outlawed branch. This lady also stated that she had in her possession an old flintlock pistol engraved with the name "E. Doone—Porlock."

Whether the letter was, as some will have it, a hoax, and whether the lawless Doones never existed outside Blackmore's fertile brain, is a riddle which will never now be solved. The likelihood is that the story of the Doones is a happy blend of fact and fiction. What more likely retreat could be found than the wilds of Exmoor three hundred years ago for a nest of outlaws?

A much more recent example of the Wild Men of the West is to be found in the quite well authenticated story of the North Devon Savages, whose name had become a household word in the county sixty or seventy years ago.

The story goes that a member of a well-known county family, having for some reason conceived a dislike for the rest of human kind, cut himself off from his fellows, and took up his abode, like Diogenes, in a large cask—presumably a cider barrel—near the village of Nymet Rowland. There he proceeded, like the hero of *Locksley Hall*, to "rear his savage brood," who, by means of fusillades of stones and farmyard muck, kept at bay any invasion of the family privacy. The only exception was the then Countess of Portsmouth, who was allowed to (and did) visit the hermit without let or hindrance. What ultimately became of them history deponeth not; but for many years after they had ceased to be, rude and quarrelsome children were asked: "What do 'ee think 'ee be, then? North Devon Savages?"

Since the days of Robin Hood (whose existence those dreary folk, the "debunkers," have often challenged) the forests of England have often provided a shelter for masterless men, and the "tall deer," beloved of the Conqueror, which abounded in them, were an invitation to the daring poacher. Waltham Chase, near Portsmouth, whose sadly depleted remnant still remains, was the special haunt during the eighteenth century of a gang of depredators known, from the disguise they affected, as the "Waltham Blacks." So great was the destruction they wrought among the deer, and such was the fear they inspired in the whole countryside, that a special act of Parliament, known as the "Black Act," was passed to deal with their activities, the stringent penalties enforced under which finally terminated their career of violence.

The Rebecca rioters of South Wales, so called from their leader, a man in female disguise, like all his followers, and known only as "Rebecca," started their activities with the excusable object of knocking down the toll-gates which then constituted a powerful local grievance for those compelled to use the roads for their livelihood. Unfortunately, their disguise soon became a cloak for sheer brigandage, and for a time the Rebecca men were the terror of law-abiding folk along the shores of St. Bride's Bay and throughout the surrounding countryside. Smuggling was among their main industries, and they also engaged considerably in carrying enemy agents between the Welsh and Irish coasts at the time when a French invasion of the Pembrokeshire coast was considered imminent.

The caves and rocks of the stormy West Coast afford plenty of secure strongholds for the outlaw; and one such on the coast of Galloway is still pointed out as "Sawney Bean's Cave." Here, so the tale goes, a human ogre known as "Sawney," or Sandy, Bean lived with a large tribe of his sub-human descendants, feeding on the flesh of children and others whom he decoyed to his dwelling, curing their limbs like bacon and hanging them in his cave to smoke. What truth there may be in the legend cannot be known; most English children of Napoleon's time firmly believed that the French, and especially the Emperor, devoured children, particularly those who did not go to bed when told. And a sucking pig, after all, can look remarkably human. But what matter? "Sawney Bean," if he ever lived, lives no longer, and his doings, true or not, make a good tale for a winter's fireside.

END

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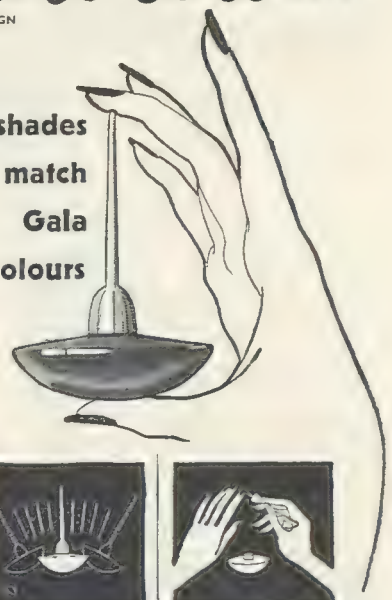

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The £ s. d. Of Cricket

(Continued from page 15)

to see their popular idols. Denis Compton will always attract a crowd. When Hammond dropped out of county cricket, the average attendance dropped by 2,000 per day when his team played.

When South Africa last played Surrey at the Oval the "gate" totalled £2,000, but actually the profit to Surrey was less than the matches with many county teams. The cost to Surrey, including entertainment tax, was £418 19s. 4d. and Surrey gave South Africa £639 18s. as their share of the "gate." The total expense to Surrey was, therefore £1,058, which left a profit of only £942.

The upkeep of the Oval is the most expensive of any cricket ground in Britain, although I understand that Old Trafford, Manchester, runs it very close. And yet the rent of the ground is only £16 per week, £832 per year. Where then does the money go?

To start with, Entertainment Tax ran away with £4,191 14s. 5d; Rates cost £1,369 17s. 2d.; Printing £1,335 12s.; Wages £3,991 and now a surprise item: Bowlers' Wages (at practice) and Allowances to Professionals accounts for £6,532 16s., plus Groundsmen's wages £2,851 17s. 1d.

Then you have such items as hire of horses; water, turf, seed, manure, loam, gravel, etc. So you see what a huge business county cricket is.

Of course, there are sundry receipts apart from the admission money, members' subscriptions and stand fees; items to which you would probably never give a thought. Surrey County Cricket Club has a nice little income from "still" photos, plus film rights and television rights. Then there is the hire of cushions to soften your seats; this brings in £350 and another surprise item: sale of score cards: £2,684 8s. 9d. Oh yes, cricket is big business all right. When a year's income amounts to £46,742, all gathered in, in say four months of the year, nearly £12,000 per month turnover, you can be sure it *is* big business.

The cricket professional, of whose earnings little is heard, is a pretty well off fellow. "Pros" are divided into two classes: seniors and juniors; the seniors receive a guarantee of £450 per year, plus "match money" which is £5 for a match at home and £10 for a match away. Juniors receive a guarantee of £350 per year, plus £5 for a home match and £10 for an away match. Professional cricketers have to pay their own hotel and living expenses during an away match. Say a professional spends the whole of his £10 away match allowance in a season of twenty away matches, a total of £200, he still has in hand £100 for the twenty home matches played during a four-months cricket season. This plus the guarantee of £450 and £350 gives a senior £550 and a junior £450 earned in four months; roughly £32 10s. and £26 10s. per week during the cricket season. This compares pretty well, I think, with the earnings of the professional footballer, whose weekly earnings are controlled at £12 per week.

The professional cricketers have eight months per year in which to earn money from other jobs. If a "pro" earns on a low average £200 during the eight months of the non-cricket season, together with his cricket earnings he is pretty comfortably off with an income of £750 and £650 per year. Neither do these earnings tell the whole story. A benefit match although not an annual event, of course, allows a cricket professional a comfortable little nest egg.

It is impossible to take an average, and space considerations prevent the quotation of benefit match "gates" in detail, but when one knows that Bill Hitch's benefit match at the Oval was attended by 60,000 people who paid £3,000 admission and Washbrook, the Lancashire "pro" received £14,000 for his benefit match, one realizes that the £ s. d. of cricket is really something of note.

As a sport, cricket is much less commercialized than Association football, but examination shows that, nevertheless, the financial tie ups with cricket are not inconsiderable. When it comes to running expenses and receipts, it is probable that Middlesex County Cricket Club is in the most enviable position; for Middlesex has no ground of its own, despite the county always providing one of the most attractive feature matches throughout the cricket season. Middlesex is to be envied because the Club is a tenant of the M.C.C. and plays at Lord's, the most famous cricket ground in the world.

English cricketers sometimes envy the size of the Australian cricket grounds, but the financial aspect is not much more favourable than the English.

Bradman's testimonial match at Melbourne last December yielded £9,424, but this was reduced to £5,185 after entertainment tax and expenses had been deducted. So, despite the size of the Australian cricket grounds, British benefit matches give bigger yields.

END

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Millions Of Idle Money

(Continued from page 13)

have made so many of them archaic. But philanthropy was a problem for the Elizabethans, too. Many of the charitable objects that they defined as permissible—such as maintenance of prisons, repair of public works, relief of taxation—are now State concerns. Some of them—like the "relief or redemption of prisoners or captives"—are now curiosities. But what the Elizabethan Charity Commissioners had at heart was the principle that a bequest, if legally "charitable," should be used as nearly as possible as the donor intended. And this principle holds good to-day.

MAN'S humanity to man, as expressed in charitable bequests, often takes eccentric forms. Some are even turned down by the judges as being against public interest. Disallowed was the £5,000 offered in 1849 for the payment of fines and purchase of discharges for offenders under the Game Laws. Rejected, too, at about the same time was a legacy of £1,000 towards settling the Jews in Palestine—an early Zionist move that was held likely to offend the Turks who then occupied the Holy Land. But even if not actually unsuitable socially or politically, many bequests have with time and change become unmanageable and ripe for revision.

Many cases have existed of legacies for objects that have become farcical. To satisfy a seventeenth-century condition, as late as 1906 a parson was getting thirty pounds a year for preaching a few words in Dutch to a dozen listeners in a Norwich church. Then there was Thomas Nash of Bath, who left fifty pounds for two annual bell-peals; the first, muffled, on his wedding anniversary; the second, loud and joyful, on the date of his death. Frivolous perhaps, and incidentally soon stopped—but was the money put to more suitable work?

Over multifarious outdated bequests the dead hand of the past hovers disquietingly to-day. The Charity Commissioners' estimate of the number of unreported obsolete trusts means that there is big money—and big opportunity for real social benefaction—going to waste. At one time these trusts fulfilled many good purposes; but now we have State welfare, the great organizations like the Carnegie Trust, the Pilgrim Trust and the Nuffield Foundation, and many other charitable bodies that can adapt themselves to wide and changing needs. The opportunities for voluntary social service are, however, still numerous and vital; and if these outworn benefactions can be diverted to modern requirements we shall once more have cause to bless the long-dead givers

END

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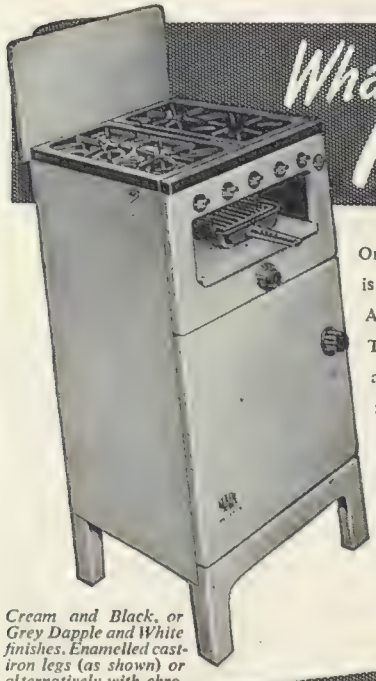

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Cuticura ANTI-SEPTIC OINTMENT

Petunia And Grey Stripes

(*Continued from page* 36)

SHAPE NECK

Work 40 sts. Cast off 10 sts. Work 40.

Work on the last set of 40 sts. for 2 ins. *At the same time* casting off 2 sts. at the beg. of every neck edge row, until 30 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of the next 3 armhole end rows. Return to the other 40 sts. and work to correspond.

BACK

Work as for front, until armhole shaping is completed. Work 1 in.

Divide Sts. for Back Opening.—Work 45 sts. (Place remaining 45 sts. on spare needle.) Work on the first 45 sts. for 6½ ins.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of next neck edge row. Work ½ in.; *at the same time* casting off 1 st. at the beg. of the next 5 neck edge rows.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of next 3 armhole end rows. Return to the other 45 sts. and join wool at centre and work to correspond.

SLEEVES

With contrast wool and No. 12 needles cast on 76 sts. Rib 1 in., k. 1, p. 1. Change to No. 10 needles and main wool, *and work all in stocking st. for* 1 *in.*

Then inc. 1 st. each end of next and every 4th row following until 90 sts. and sleeve measures 6 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every row until 34 remain. Cast off.

NECKBAND

With No. 12 needles and contrast wool cast on 130 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 1 in. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up side shoulder and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew on neckband. Work 2 rows of double crochet down each side of back opening. Make button loops on right-hand side of back opening.

Press all seams. Sew on buttons.

END

Coral Pink With Cap Sleeves

(*Continued from page* 36)

SHAPE "CAP" SLEEVE

Inc. 1 st. at the beg. of every row at side edge 14 times and when sleeve measures 6 ins. (ending at front of work).

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 14 at the beg. of the neck edge row, then dec. 1 st. *every* row at neck edge 9 times. When sleeve measures the same as the back.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 7 at the beg. of every armhole end row until all sts. are cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

Work as for left front with shapings at opposite edges.

FRONT STRIPS

With No. 12 needles cast on 12 sts. Work in k. 1, p. 1, rib for 1 in. Then make buttonhole. Rib 4, cast off 4, rib 4.

Next row.—Rib 4, cast on 4, rib 4. Make 10 more buttonholes at equal distances. Rib 4 rows after last buttonhole.

Make another strip omitting holes.

COLLAR

With No. 12 needles cast on 130 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1, inc. 1 st. each end of every alternate row 4 times. Continue 2 ins. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press *flatly* on wrong side of work with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up shoulder and side seams. Sew on strips, collar and buttons. Run elastic in hem, made by turning up the plain edge. Sew on press stud at lower edge. Work 1 row of double crochet round the "Cap" sleeves

END

In Search Of Glamour

(*Continued from page* 40)

or live too far away, I would suggest the following:

You can buy face masks for home use at almost any chemist in the form of clay, cream, paste or powder, and they work in this way. While the mask or pack is setting, the skin underneath is "hotted up," the blood supply to the part being treated circulates more energetically, and the dingy top cells of the skin are softened and removed so that when the mask is taken off the complexion is left softer, cleaner and pinker.

Treat yourself to a short course of face masks or face packs when your complexion gets out of sorts or drab, dingy, sallow or shabby, or when you wish to hurry through the fading sun-tan period. Six treatments given at the rate of twice a week will be sufficient. Before applying the mask or pack wash the face with hot water and a good complexion soap or use a cleaning milk and rinse with hot water, then massage in a skin food for five or six minutes to avoid the drying effect of the mask. Wipe off with cleaning tissues and apply the mask.

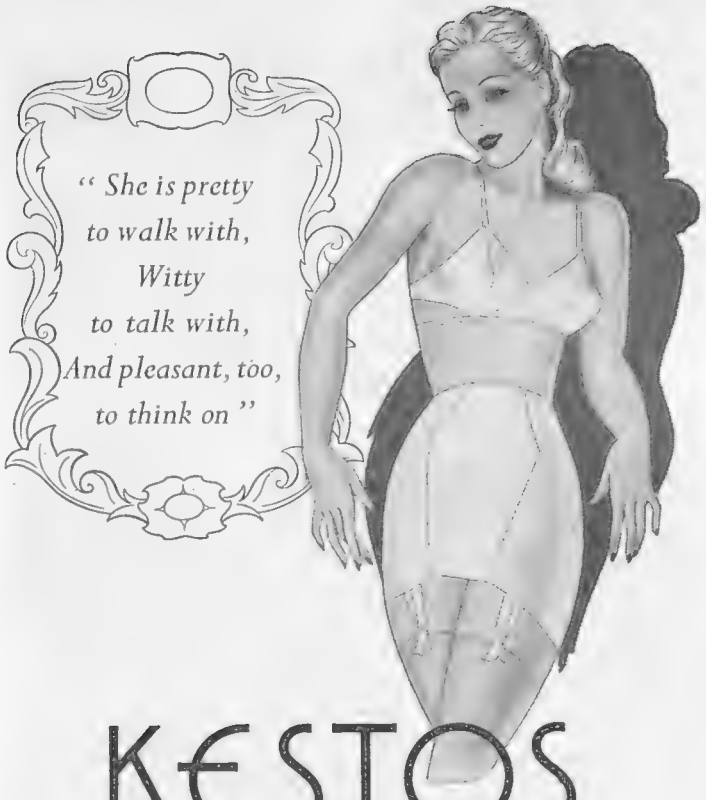
Points to remember: Do not apply the mask or pack near the eyes. Smear a layer of anti-wrinkle cream, tissue oil, or castor oil around the eyes before you apply the face mask or pack. Don't use face masks or face packs for home treatment if the complexion is very dry and sensitive or inclined to lines and wrinkles. The action is too stimulating.

END

Garnish With Care (*Continued from page* 47)

Season flour and rub in fat, add potato, work into dough with a little cold water. Roll out nearly ½-in. thick; cut into fingers about 1½ in. by 3½ in. Bake in good oven, Regulo 6 or 425° F. When cool split in half. To make filling, put rabbit, bacon and mushrooms through mincer. Cream into paste with mayonnaise; fill fingers. Blend ingredients for cheese butter into a paste, season and spread over top of fingers, smoothing with knife dipped in hot water. Colour a little of the mixture with browning and use for dominoe markings, applying with end of clean steel skewer or knitting needle. Make a cake of cold creamed carrot in centre of dish. Garnish top with finely-chopped parsley, cooked peas and beetroot stamped in shapes—build dominoes round, garnish dish with parsley

END



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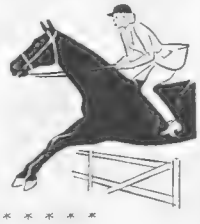

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

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REGULAR TAMPAX No. 1
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Two West Ends

(*Continued from page 28*)

industry or branch of commerce. Is it the path of wisdom further to vulgarize an historic area which has suffered such divers depredations, or invasions, over the last thirty years?

In 1919 the West End had far greater appeal for monied tourists than it has to-day. Travel has been greatly popularized since, but there isn't the same steady calling year after year by old friends and new. The present, more fickle tourist trade stands a risk of subsiding, once initial curiosity has been assuaged. All the more reason why everything should be done to protect it—as by protecting what remains of "the West End."

1919 was a notable year when "hourly the heart of England regained a steadier beat" after the war. I remember the elegance of Grand Parade's victory at Ascot. Tom Webster did the sketching and we both wore toppers and tails. It was the kind of England that foreigners, and particularly rich Americans, liked to visit. It has gone for ever, but that is no reason why its hub—the West End—should be gratuitously "democratized" beyond its existing "café society."

Those who returned from the first war found a West End only slightly tickled up by the bombs. Most of Nash's Regent Street was still there, and so war Park Lane. Bond Street was a quiet delight for shopping and Oxford Street one of the fine thoroughfares of Europe. Mayfair was a dignified, residential district "before the earthquake" which transformed so much of it, first into flats and business premises, and later into government and bureaucratic offices.

That vanished West End began to slip away at the dawn of the flighty and insouciant twenties, yet it retained some of its world renowned attributes for many years thereafter. Let us examine what these were, in the main, since they give a clue to so much that has been done away with.

IN 1919—one year after a war and one year before a slump—London had some of the best restaurants in Europe, places where English fare was faithfully served—chops, joints and fish predominating. Five shillings amply sufficed for one person; on a pound, two could dine and wine substantially. Of course, such things cannot be done now, yet it is as well to note that other capitals, which suffered just as much as London, make a deliberate effort to attract tourists by providing pre-war meals at international prices. Vienna is one such.

But the London West End I seek to evoke, had a good deal of peace. One could go into the Row and enjoy the equestrian scene, though church parades had already begun to fade into history. The glass of fashion and the mould of form did, however, survive, as distinct from the enormous, unwieldy mob which turned out to look at itself, under the guise of a Rotten Row fashion parade, last May.

I have already hinted at the quiet residential squares of Berkeley, Belgrave and Grosvenor, and several other come back to mind. They each and all constituted part of that West End which won world renown in the years between, say, 1880 and 1920—or a few years later.

Then there was the West End of the theatres, revues, and supper places. I forget how late the last kept open thirty years ago. It may have been midnight. The point is: there was a night life with verve and a certain distinction to it. People dressed. They didn't slink home to bed at nine or ten at night after having "done a flick" or "afforded a show." A new kind of American folklore musical has come to town with distinction, but who can hold that West End shows, as a whole, have the class and finish they formerly had?

Theatreland of yore merged with Soho when Soho was a rattling, cheap spot to feed in, where good Bordeaux was to be had at two shillings a bottle, and almost Parisian cooking for hardly more per meal. It is silly to put all this down to greediness or class privilege. People not earning as much as do manual labourers to-day, lent life to the little restaurants of Soho alongside foreign visitors come to sample the "atmosphere." There was freedom in the air even when this was stuffiest!

Yet another integral part of the West End of thirty years ago was Café life. (With a big "C," to distinguish it from the present genus.) Some went to gaze, others to sit and sip. It was, at any rate, a cheap and cheerful respite from the street, without fear of having "Time Gentlemen Please!" shouted at one before the seat had been warmed, or of having rawish liquor dumped at famine price on the table. There was still a slice of *far niente* and *vie de Bohème* about London's West End cafés until well into the twenties. But now?

Do I paint an altogether too nostalgic picture of the past? Forgetting such items as the better lighting now, the greater street cleanliness of the West End, its superior transport, its movie palaces, its *nouveau chic* resorts? No, I do not overlook such improvements. I only wish to observe that certain changes are about to be introduced into the West End, and that, to my mind, quite enough changes have been wrought already to jeopardize the region's future earning power as tourist hub of London.

The first of the changes has already occurred. Exclusively in order to earn revenue, and against their principles, teetotallers have allowed the capital of Britain and the Commonwealth a few licensed night places which may remain open until 2.30 a.m. (or is it 3 a.m.?) on the strict understanding that dancing and music never stop. Apparently, so long as one couple continues to circle the dance-floor, Americans, Colonials, and even Britons may sip. But if the music stops, then enters Babylon.

The second proposed change is to open up the West End to the masses, to build so they may eat in Berkeley Square as well as Seven Dials. "It is not our policy to develop rough and ready restaurants, but to provide good-class restaurants for the people," says an L.C.C. spokesman. No suspicion of snobbishness, I hope, if the notion crosses my mind that a plethora of such establishments—and there would have to be very many to make the scheme work on a share-alike system—would tend to drive from the West End the very kind of visitors on whom the present Government relies in order to come by certain foreign currencies.

Enough of West End life has been destroyed already. Architecturally, socially, in appearance and facilities, in reputation for quality, in value for money, in relative quiet—in all these things, and more besides, severe enough inroads have been made over the last thirty years without the need for a concerted drive inspired by the slogan "Look at the West End!"

The inference being that the rich can still be soaked and that there are still too many of them on view in the West End. "So let's invade it."

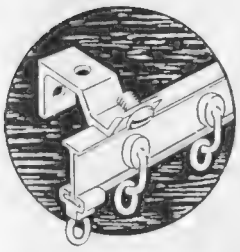
There are precious few native-born rich still around the West End, and for the very good reason that only a few score of them are left, with over six or seven thousand pounds a year. What the class-conscious see in the West End may aptly be described as follows:—

"The West End is the provincial and suburban Mecca for those out for an occasional jolly, and, being the hub of the Empire, a few days in London is the natural thing for those home from service abroad. But an even greater number of those in West End restaurants, bars and theatres at certain times of year are visitors from the Americas and overseas."

The West End has been sufficiently blitzed—not only by the Germans (who lost their own West End, in Berlin, entirely)—for it to be spared a scheme that gratuitously mauls its surviving amenities. That way lies sooner or later the exit of those remaining geese that have hard currency to lay.

END

Around the "bay"
my curtains sail
So smoothly now
on 'Rufflette' Rail!



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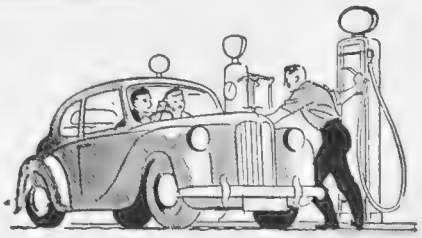

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A SWAN MILL PRODUCT · LONDON, W.1

The San Salvatore Experiment

(*Continued from page* 16)

measurements being taken of the San Salvatore experiment—an experiment which goes on unceasingly day and night, and which will last for at least another four years. At times the mountain peak is visited by electrical engineers from the United States, Canada and Great Britain. The Russians do not bother. Sweden is also a frequent visitor, and contributes towards the cost of the experiment. For us all, Switzerland is providing a "pool" of technical knowledge on the power of lightning. The only other similar experiment in the world is being conducted, on a rather smaller scale, by a lightning research team on the Empire State Building, N.Y.

The Swiss team are providing the world's electric-power and air-line operators with valuable knowledge on where, how lightning strikes, and with what intensity and frequency.

As we were talking, a bell began sounding an alarm. This is the near-cloud alarm, worked off a resistance-and-condenser network in the villa. When there is enough electricity in the air to ring the alarm, fireworks may be expected at the spout of the pipe.

A radio set also works continuously, tuned to the long waveband of about 6,000 metres, and a relay sounds an alarm when fierce storms are received. There is also a television-like radar screen, showing the approximate direction of electrical storms, as minute green flashes on a cathode-ray tube.

Outside, the Zone began its theatrical blue-green flash display, with an intermittent "snicking" sound each time a big flash struck across the network of guy-wires. They told me this was small stuff, that some of the biggest flashes were so sudden, so great, they were almost invisible. For me, the beauty of it all was marred by a strong stench, the bad-egg smell of schoolboy chemistry-lab. days.

"That is because moist clouds are near," explained Breguet. "The heavy current decomposes the water vapour in the air, mixing the oxygen and nitrogen into one of the several unpleasant-smelling oxides of nitrogen. . . . Let's have some black coffee, until it is all over. . . ."

We sat around sipping coffee until the storm had passed and it was safe to enter the Faraday Cage. Inside the copper-lined room everything is spotlessly clean like an operating theatre. The apparatus is cream-cellulosed, the rubber flooring highly polished. The centre of the room is occupied by two boiler-like pieces of apparatus, ten feet high. These are the "loop oscilloscopes," which are connected on a link circuit to the metal pipe, and receive a minute fraction of the great lightning discharge. Inside the "boilers" spools of cinema film rotate continuously in the dark. When lightning flashes arrive they strike an arc and print a picture on the film.

The danger here is not from a direct hit from lightning, but from the "induced voltage" set up by the millions of volts. Provided the operator stays where he is in the copper-lined room, he is entirely safe. If he attempted to step out of the cage until the storm had passed, the induced voltage of some 4,000 volts would burn him to death.

On San Salvatore they have discovered that the crest voltage of Nature's fireworks runs to so many "O's" that the figure is meaningless to a layman. A lightning charge of three million volts will jump a gap of five yards in dry air. When you magnify this to the four or five miles, which is the course taken by quite normal fork lightning, you can see how many rows of zeros there are in the figures handled in the San Salvatore experiment.

"But Nature is still ahead of us," said Breguet. "With no more complicated apparatus than a few raindrops and rising air-currents, she releases fantastic electric power in a thousandth of a second. If we could tame it and store it, there'd be no need for atomic power."

The Photograph which illustrates this article is reproduced by courtesy of the Swiss National Tourist Office.

END

Some Curious Wayside Homes

(*Continued from page* 20)

they were designed in a more superstitious age. The local folk thought that a circular building would have no corners in which the Evil One might lurk or hide.

North Wales can show two queer examples at famous beauty spots. There is the "Ugly House" on the roadside between Bettwys-y-Coed and Capel Curig. It is remarkable in that no two stones used in its construction are of the same size, obviously the work of an individualist.

Conway claims to show the Smallest House in Great Britain. Nestling under one of the huge towers of the Town Wall, it was built in the nineteenth century as a fisherman's cottage. With the growth of the tourist traffic it had become a show place by 1880, and since then the furniture, wall-paper, pictures and ornaments have not been disturbed. Consisting of but two tiny rooms and a staircase, the ceiling of the upper room just reaches the window sill of a normal sized house next door.

Have you heard of the "Cottage with two roofs"? Possibly unique, this example has both thatch and tiles, to safeguard it against the weather. It is at Sandy Lane, a village on the Lansdown Estate, near Calne, Wiltshire. Nearly all the other buildings, including the church and the post office, have roofs of thatch, and this pretty place is worth seeking out—just off the London-Bath road, it is quite off the beaten track.

END

World Without End

(*Continued from page* 31)

be one with the earth and the winds," she whispered, "I . . . *am* one with them."

Her son stood beside her, a hand on her shoulder, his face white and tense with the emotion of years, always until now hidden and suppressed.

"God," he said again. "Do you think God is here?" He held out his other hand to his wife. "How can we find God?" he said slowly.

They wandered over the brow of the island, for it was but a small place, a remote, apparently unpeopled Hebridean isle, a jewel of amethyst and pearl and bronze, formed to the glory of that God Whom none of them had ever known. As they walked quietly along, silent for the sheer happiness of beholding its beauty, a young man came over the hill towards them. He wore a yellowish rough tweed kilt, and his torso and legs were bare.

"You are fugitives, eh?" he said in soft distinct tones.

"I know not that word, Friend," said Freedom.

"Ye call me friend. That'll do to go on with," said the young man, smiling. He was tall, and as brown as a hazel-nut. "You'll be from the slave-world yonder, are you not?"

"We have fled from the Government of that world," said Liberty Selby suddenly.

The young fellow surveyed them with his bright eyes, which rested last, and remained long, on Achievement.

"Och aye," he said. "My grandfather and I have heard of it. He and my father and mother were here on a wee holiday with their sailing boat, (*Continued on page* 65)

Grey Sky ★ Red Setter ★ Copper Bronze ★ Charred Wood ★ Evening Mist ★ Blue Smoke ★ Claret Cup

Has the sunshine gone to our heads, Mr. Barratt?

Is that the reason we feel so happy? Or is it that we're just so pleased with our *feet?* My sister says maybe it's a bit of both. Even a lovely day like this is improved by your lovely shoes!

walk the **Barratt** *way*

when the Atom was dropped on Scotland. A dirty trick . . . no war declared. I was born here six months later, and my mother died. My father did not long survive her. Grandfather has told me the story often. We have no place to go . . . Scotland, as you know, is no more, and there is but a corner left of England."

"Those names are no longer used," said Freedom. "There is only the World Federation now."

"World Federation," he repeated, rolling his r's as only a Highlander can roll them. He laughed. "We are alone here," he said. "We grow our own food, raise our own sheep from the few that we found here, make our own tallow candles, weave our own tweed. We have built a stone house." Suddenly he threw back his head and laughed again. "World Federation" he said again. "Did you never hear of the Lion of Scotland? We had a wee flag in the sailing-boat, and now . . . it flies over the house." He held out a shy hand to Achievement, who put her own into it, smiling timidly. "We are remote," he went on, "remote and free . . . *they* know nothing of us . . . we are happy."

"That word again," said Liberty.

"I'm thinking you'll know little of it under the Supreme Director," he said smiling.

"Hush," they all began, then broke off, meeting his smile with their own.

"We forgot," said Learning, drawing a deep breath. "There is no need for fear . . . now."

"No," said he. "We lie far between the Arctic and Atlantic routes, and as you know yourselves, the fliers may not deviate by one hair'sbreadth from their ordered plan. We used to hear of these things, years back, when we had a radio, but . . . it is old and done now, and we could not renew it. As it is, never a soul has landed here in twenty-five years."

"What is a hair?" asked Learning.

"What is a soul?" asked Achievement.

The young fellow burst out laughing, his white teeth gleaming in the sunlight which turned his red head to gold. "You'll grow both here," he said. "Here's Grandfather."

An elderly man was coming briskly towards them.

"These have fled from the slave-world," said his grandson. "Is this not a wonderful day? How often we have wished for a few more souls to lighten our days and evenings, and to help till the soil and tend the sheep?" He turned to Liberty and gently put an arm round her shoulders.

"You shall be Granny," he said, and met her happy smile.

"You'll maybe find life hard here," said the older man, holding out welcoming hands to them, "but you will be free. Free. Maybe we can start a new world between us, who knows? A Carpenter and a handful of working men . . . fishermen, tax collector . . . doctor . . . tent-maker . . . changed the face of one world, once. Nothing is impossible. There are six of us now, and . . ." his eyes grew tender as he glanced at his grandson, who was now standing beside Achievement again, her little hand clasped in his own, "we may be more one day, God willing. I have so feared for the day when I should be taken, and he left alone. Now, God has sent you."

Freedom Selby fell into step beside him, as he motioned them to pass along the narrow foot-track leading round the hill. He put a hand upon the Hebridean's shoulder, half-timidly.

"Tell me all about God," he said.

"That'll take some time, I'm thinking," said the other man, smiling.

"We have all time . . . now," said Freedom Selby. "Only let us first destroy the helicopter . . . first of all."

He and his wife and Liberty accompanied their host over the hill to the spot where the helicopter lay dark on the heather. Only the boy and girl remained standing quite still in the sunlight, a sunlight so pale as to be almost silver.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Achievement."

"That's a daft-like name. No matter. I shall call you Darling."

"What does that mean?"

"It means, I love you," said he, taking her little flushed face between his two strong hands.

"And what must I call you?" she whispered.

"You shall call me . . . Husband," he answered, bending over her until his lips met, and remained upon, her own.

END

Where Angels Fear (*Continued from page* 19)

sleeves and her forearms, like her hands, were pretty. The blouses always had a "V" in front—a deep "V"; in the "V" rested now a heart-shaped locket of gold—well, rolled-gold anyway—and in the locket was a head of Radley cut from a holiday snap. (You could see a bit of his sister's hair at one side of it.) When he gave it to her, Dolly had said, "Chippy, you *are* funny!" yet somehow that had been satisfying. Their meetings now were never less than ten minutes at a time; if you, very very carefully, made each outing just thirty seconds longer than the one before it, Floxy didn't spot. The shop bell rang and you were Inside and at once you began where you left off. You told Dolly everything; she told you everything in return. She told you her mother was dead and she hated her father and she wanted to get away from Chickfield and she wanted to "get on." You reciprocated or just listened according to how you felt. For ten minutes at any rate you quitted and forgot the world.

Now and again, of course, some ass blundered into the shop, hee-hawed for a while and blundered out again. There was a tick called "Len"; he seemed to like Dolly; she seemed to like him; he didn't like Radley. No, *sir*! . . . And there was an old trout with pince-nez and a tongue like everlasting; vicar's wife or something.

Tiresome creatures; but cloudy, unreal, not *in* it. Only two people were that.

COMPTON said crossly, at the Prefects' meeting.

"*Radley!* Do wake up. I can't think what's come over you."

Radley, returning from a distance, said "S-sorry," and went back to his thoughts. Half an hour ago, in the red-shaded little shop he had said, glancing at his watch.

"I'll have to go, Dolly."

She had pouted at him.

"You always have to go. We can never get a proper talk. . . . Take me out one day, Chippy. Saturday."

He had stood for a moment tongue-tied, rent by contrary emotions. Excitement, temptation, and—predominating—funk.

"Oh, I couldn't."

"Why not? Don't you ever get half holidays?"

"Yes, of course. But——" How to explain it to her? How to say, without an agony of mutual humiliation: "Somebody might see us"; how to explain that that would never, never do? For all sorts of reasons—each of them more unsayable than the last.

He said miserably—ch, why couldn't she leave things alone!

"I don't see——"

"You don't want to take me. That's what it is. All right, Chippy——"

"I want to. Of course I want to. But. . . ."

And then, at that moment, the door-bell had jangled and in had come—welcome for once—the old trout with the pince-nez. She burst in upon a constrained—you might have thought a guilty—silence; she absorbed it for a moment and then started yap-yapping as usual. Radley, raising his school cap, had fled. . . .

Davidson had been reading Kipling to them that afternoon; there had been a terrible line that had gone through Radley like a sword. "If you take the first step you will take the last." The poem had seemed to be about Napoleon, but really—as he now saw—it was (*Continued on page* 66)

Wise knitters aim for . . .

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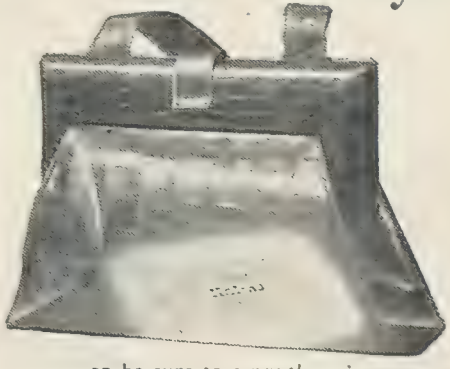

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about Radley. Who *wanted* to take further steps? It had all been so heavenly; that little lamp-lit retreat, those few minutes in worship of something of which one didn't even know the name. Experience had been charged with perfections; now these were going to be smudged. By danger, by subterfuge, by hole-and-corner sneaking about, dodging—good Lord!—Flockhart. You *could* perhaps dodge him; but whichever way, whatever happened, something precious, something you couldn't put into words, was going to be destroyed. The first step, the last; it had been so heavenly. . . . I want it; I *don't* want it. . . .

Compton said again, "wake up Radley!" Radley thought, I don't know *what* to do!

IF Mr. Flockhart hadn't played contract bridge. . . . But he did. So did the Vicar and the Vicar's wife and Davidson. At the Vicarage that evening it was, as usual, Flockhart and the Vicar against Mrs. Cumberlege and Davidson.

Mrs. Cumberlege, the Vicar's wife, was an estimable rather than a lovable woman; she was sharp as her inquisitive nose and "sensible" as her intellectual pince-nez. She was also a bad loser. At a critical stage in the final rubber, Flockhart had conspicuously outplayed her while Davidson had as conspicuously let her down. An irritation, an antagonism against the school in all its aspects, possessed her. When she brought in the ritual tea and biscuits at the end of the evening, she said something she had meant to reserve for a better occasion.

"Such a nice boy of yours I see in Close's shop every evening, Mr. Flockhart."

Flockhart, on the alert, said: "I expect that that would be Radley."

"*So* taken up with Dolly Close."

Flockhart caught Davidson's eye, half-closed, squinting at him sideways. Davidson's eye said, "What did I tell you?"

Flockhart was savagely annoyed—with Mrs. Cumberlege, with Radley, with Davidson, with himself. But he concentrated on not showing it.

"*Is* there a Dolly Close?"

"Oh, yes, indeed!" Mrs. Cumberlege poured the tea carefully. "Pass the biscuits to Mr. Davidson, dear. . . . Quite one of the village belles. Not bad looking either. *Common*, of course, but——"

Davidson said, crunching his biscuit:

"And young Radley was—*épris?*"

"Oh, very much so. I felt *quite* an intruder this evening. They looked as if they'd been holding hands. . . ."

Flockhart, controlling his fury, said lightly, "Boys will be boys." And the Vicar, who had a genius for the obvious, contributed something about a young man's fancy in the spring.

"Silly little girl," said Mrs. Cumberlege, "I shouldn't care for a son of *mine*. . . ." The conversation drifted away to other themes.

Even then it might have been all right but for Davidson. Flockhart had told himself, "The boy can only be seeing her for five minutes at a time; in the shop; that nasty-minded old cat——" But the nasty-minded old cat's, "I shouldn't care for a son of *mine*," had rankled; translated, it said, "I wouldn't trust a son of mine to the incompetent supervision of *you*, Mr. Flockhart." And on the way home, Davidson—who had no intention of letting the opportunity pass—murmured suavely:

"Who'd have thought it of young Radley? . . . Lust for power you said, didn't you? Not the only kind of lust, eh?"

He chuckled obscenely. And with that Flockhart's mind was made up.

MR. REUBEN CLOSE came in from his mid-morning quick one at the Rose and Crown; he called peremptorily:

"Dolly!"

"I'm in the shop, Dad."

"Well, come out o' the shop. Come in 'ere. I got somethin' t' say t' you."

Dolly came obediently, without premonition of disaster.

"You been up to some games when my back was about."

"Me, Dad?"

"Yes, you. What's all this about you carryin' on with some boys from the School?"

"*Me*, Dad?"

"It's you I'm speakin' to, ain't it? . . . I've 'ad one o' them Masters in this mornin'. 'You tell y'r daughter to keep 'er 'ands off my boys,' 'e says."

"He never!"

"Somethin' mighty like it. That Mister Flock'art, it was. La-de-da-de-da. Bloomin' Oxford-an'-Cambridge. 'E said some things I didn' like 'earin'. What you been up to?"

Dolly said, with a sulky dignity that would have turned over Radley's heart in his bosom:

"I haven't been up to anything. I don't know what you mean. . . . . There's a boy comes for the papers in the evening; for that Flockhart's paper."

"*Ahr!*"

"Well? I got to be civil to customers, haven't I?"

"You been more 'n civil if what this Flock'art says is right. What y' want t' go chasin' after them boys for? Ain't Len Burrows enough for y'?"

"Len! . . . Me! . . . I never chased after anybody."

"That ain't what Mister Flock'art says. 'My dee-ah Close,' 'e says—an' I ain't 'is dee-ah Close neither—'My dee-ah Close, I just 'ate sayin' this,' 'e says—an' *that* was a blinkin' lie—' 'but I'm in loco parentis,' 'e says, 'an' my parents wouldn' like their nice little boys takin' up with a piece o' stuff like your daughter.'"

"He never said that, Dad."

"Pretty near. 'Course I know,' 'e says, 'I know it'd be a fine catch for *'er*.' An' I 'ad to stand and 'ear 'im say it. An' say, 'Yes-sir, yessir; Gawd bless y'r Almighty majesty.' 'Cos why? 'Cos the School contract 's what I live on in this 'ole. But d'ye think I liked it, eh?"

Dolly had gone suddenly rigid; an immense silence enveloped her. she said:

"He said I was—trying to catch him?"

"Catch who? Flock'art?"

"No, no. Chippy. The—the boy."

"*Chippy!*" said Mr. Close bitterly, "I'll Chippy 'im. . . . Well, that's what 'e said."

Dolly said, still unnaturally quiet:

"D'you think Chippy—the boy—told him that?"

Mr. Close studied her. He was not an ill-natured man and he was fond enough—and proud enough really—of his pretty daughter. But he had had a humiliating morning. Flockhart in a cold rage was always bad enough; but Flockhart condescending, Flockhart being man-to-man. . . . Close said:

"Most like. 'Ow else would that Flock'art know about it?"

Dolly stood in silence, her left hand playing with her right-wrist bangles. For her, too, something precious, something not quite describable in words—but something very very different from Len Burrows—had been suddenly smashed. She was thinking—Saturday. . . . I saw the fear in his eyes . . . oh, *Chippy*! She said at last:

"O.K. Dad. I see."

RADLEY, cycling in through the February drizzle to Chickfield, was lost in a torment for which "hell" would be gross understatement. It was composed both of what lay in front of him and what lay behind.

For he had had a most extraordinary interview with Floxy, the more extraordinary because it had been born completely out of the blue. Floxy had been lounging about on the touchline, watching the senior hockey, and at the close of the game he had said: "Come and see me a minute, Radley, when you've changed." Radley, supposing it to be some trivial detail of the Lictorship, had walked right into it.

"You're getting yourself talked about, young man!"

Flockhart had put Radley into a chair while he himself walked up and down with his hands in his pockets, jingling coins in one and keys in the other. Sweet reason, open candour, warm man-to-mannishness had been Flockhart's line throughout.

"You're getting yourself talked about, young man!"

"Me, sir?" But his heart leaped and then fell.

"'You, you, *no* one but you'" quoted Mr. Flockhart gaily. "There is a certain Dulcinea, Radley, at the paper shop. Name of Close."

"Yes, sir. . . . I—I haven't done anything, sir."

"I'm quite sure you haven't." A pause in the striding, a contemplative stare down at Radley. "There's some fellows," said Mr. Flockhart, "would take a grand tone over this—the House, the Prefects, the School Tradition and so on. Eric or Little by Little. But let's be our ages, Radley."

"Yes, sir." (Gropingly.)

"I know there's nothing in it." (Striding recommenced.) "*You* know there's nothing in it. But it's not what we do in this world, it's what people *say* we do. Tongues, idle tongues—and I know only too well what they mean. . . . Let's leave honour and all that out of it for the moment; let's concentrate on expediency. . . ."

Mr. Flockhart concentrated on expediency for a minute or two. Radley sat.

"Now, you're old enough," said Mr. Flockhart, becoming manly, "you're old enough for me to tell you that I know perfectly well what you feel. My dear chap, it's human nature. When I was at school—I don't mind telling you this. . . ." It had been one of the school housemaids in Mr. Flockhart's case apparently; Radley, striving conscientiously to see a parallel, could see none whatsoever. "So it came to this," said Mr. Flockhart, "I just had to say the good old 'Get-thee-behind-me-Satan.' Nothing else for it."

Radley said dutifully, "Yes, sir. "But what had Satan to do with it? With that alcove of comfort, of kindness, of happiness, of *goodness*. Satan?

"And what's more, old chap," said Mr. Flockhart, manlier and manlier, "It isn't fair to the girl. Have you thought about that?"

"Er—no, sir." One hadn't; how could or should one?

"No. But there it is. Next time you're in Close's shop——" He glanced at his watch. "You'll be there quite soon; next time you're there, have a look at the literature on the counter. Millgirl marries millionaire; shopgirl lo-oves Lord Doodle and they're *ever* so 'appy. That's the sort of stuff they read. And the thing is, they believe it. They believe it's a possibility anyway. It may be a long shot but long shots sometimes come off. . . . Naturally this girl thinks you'd be a catch, naturally she'd start building hopes. . . ."

Radley found his tongue at last. "I don't think she felt like that, sir."

"My dear young friend!" said Mr. Flockhart with the ghost of a cold smile, "If you imagine you know what a woman is thinking. . . . I'll bet you she's cast you for Lord Doodle already. D'you want to be Lord Doodle?"

"Oh, no sir." Or do I?

"Well, there you are; and that's where it's unfair." Suddenly he closed the interview with a snap. "And now, my son, cut off on your bike and get my evening paper."

Radley got up unsteadily. "Must—must I go, sir?"

"Absolutely must." He became man-to-man *in excelsis*. "I think I'm being decent about this, Radley. I could raise Cain all round and get you out of the mess that way. But I want you to get yourself out of it. You'll do it better than I will. And I want you just to go on with your Prefectship and your Lictorship as if nothing had happened." He put a comradely hand on Radley's shoulder. "As our transatlantic friends say so beautifully, I'll play ball with you if you'll play ball with me. Fair do's?"

Radley said, "Thank you, sir," mechanically and went off for his cycle, his mind in a fog. Flockhart's housemaid, for example; Lord Doodle; how did *they* come in? . . . I am a woman-hunter and Dolly is a man-trap. So Floxy says. I suppose perhaps it *is* like that really. But I thought. . . .

Anyway it's all spoiled. Anyway it's going to be awful. Difficult. (*Continued on page* 68)

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"Dolly!"

Her head went back—alas! alas! *leviter reflectens.*

"Miss Close to you, please."

"But, I say—Dolly!"

"Your evening paper, sir." She thrust it at him like a sword; he took it unseeing; her hand dropped away instanter.

"Dolly! Has somebody been——"

"Good night, sir!"

He looked at last into her face. He looked at her mouth—ah me! *ore purpureo*—it was hard as steel. He looked into her eyes; there had always been something in her eyes; there was something to-night. It was hate, hate, hate.

Utterly undone, Radley turned and fled. Ping! went the door-bell. Ring down the curtain.

IN Eng. Lit. Mr. Davidson was expounding Pope's *Essay on Criticism.* He read aloud—and he read it well because it was a passage he liked—

"No place so sacred from such fops is barred,
Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's churchyard;
Nay, fly to altars; there they'll talk you dead;
And fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

"A good line, that," said Mr. Davidson, "a *good* line." He looked round to see if the Sixth were agreeing with him. Compton was conscientiously underlining the "good" line—he *would* be, the great sap; Steele was furtively reading a page or two farther on; Fragson was yawning. But Radley—hallo! Radley was rapt. Trance? No, by Jove, it was thought. Radley was getting it.

Of course he was. Those poets—they *all* wrote about Radley.

END

Brandersnack And Mandewake

(*Continued from page 27*)

"Yes," he said dully, "I've plenty of *eyes.*"

Dawlish turned back to the rooms. "Sympathising with yourself?"

Sulkily, Tim refused to look at him. "It's a wonderful day for cricket," he said.

"Like hell it is! Sweat, thirst, sunstroke—absolute misery! Shut up and be thankful."

"I'm sorry," Tim said.

"All right," Dawlish said, going back to his review of the square. "You're all right. When it's opening time we'll get ourselves a drink."

After a silence Tim said: "That's the second emergency I've made this week. I don't think we've enough to do. Maybe it *is* a crazy idea. . . ."

"It will be all right in London. Life's full of Delicate Problems there. This is only a try-out—prior to West End opening."

"Yes, but I wish we could get a client or two to practice on."

"We've written a letter to Australia for a farm hand, and advised Ethel to repulse the advances of the butcher's boy. What more do you want?"

"You're too blasted cheerful to live with," Tim said.

"What do you see out there?" he asked presently.

"An ancient man sleeping and a small black cat washing. . . . And speaking of the devil, here comes the butcher's boy on his bicycle."

"Working overtime?"

"No, it isn't the butcher's bicycle. It's his own private and particular bicycle—and he's elegantly dressed in blue serge."

"Oh God, his courting clothes! I hope Ethel's going to remember what I told her."

Down in the square the butcher's boy sped away on his private bicycle, the black cat pausing a moment with one ready-licked foot in the air to watch him go.

Stillness settled again. Then over the bridge and into the town, leisurely, hand-in-hand, came a contemplative couple.

Dawlish, at his window, leaned further out to look at them. "Here come people," he said.

"What sort of people?" Time asked lazily.

Dawlish was pleased with them. "Why don't you come and see? There's a plump little man with a beard, and a female child in a pink hair ribbon."

"Do they look as though they might have a Difficulty on hand?"

Dawlish thought not, but all the same he went on watching. . . .

"Do you suppose we shall ever find it?" the female child was asking as the two approached the square. "Shall we ever find it again, Uncle Henry?"

And Uncle Henry stroked his beard and replied confidently: "Oh, I'm sure we shall. It's much too big to lose."

They stopped on the bridge and leaned over the stone wall to look at the water. They were both quite incapable of taking their situation seriously.

But when they came to the bench where the old man was sleeping they stopped again. They stood on the edge of the pavement, still hand-in-hand, and looked at him and at the black cat that was sitting by his feet.

Dawlish watched them cross the road. "I think they're going to try to get into the Jasmine," he reported. He leaned far out into the street, trying to keep them in sight as they reached the pavement below. "I wonder if they're reading our plate?"

"They're coming upstairs," Tim said suddenly.

Dawlish drew his head back into the room, and they both listened to the approaching footsteps.

"In a moment," Tim said, "the beard will look round the door and say, 'Can we get tea here?"

This had happened to them before on early closing days.

There was a pause, then a gentle tap on the door.

"Come in!" Dawlish called.

The bearded man opened the door and stepped diffidently inside, the child following close behind him.

Henry, looking from one to the other, was surprised. "Excuse me," he began, "Are you the gentlemen who deal with . . . difficulties?"

A fleeting glance of triumph flashed between the gentlemen in question, then Tim raised himself from the sofa and got stiffly to his feet.

"We are," he said. "I'm Brandersnack."

But as he moved, Henry was surprised again—surprised and sad. Why, the poor boy, he thought, the poor boy . . . an artificial limb . . . the war . . . that war . . . such a splendid young man. . . . And mingled with his sorrow with the uneasy guilt that at such moments oppresses men who have taken no active part in the wars. So for a while Henry said nothing.

"What can we do for you?" Dawlish asked abruptly, feeling the pity, and wishing to protect Tim against it.

Henry gathered himself. "You must forgive me if I seemed surprised. When I read your plate I expected something quite different—much older people . . . Brandersnack and Mandewake . . . you must admit it sounds . . . I thought you would be——"

"Something like the Cheeryble brothers?" Dawlish suggested, appeased.

"Exactly that, yes, exactly that. Now I must tell you who I am and what's the matter, mustn't I? My name is Henry Fenwick and this is my niece, Caroline. I have a caravan—horse-drawn, you know—and in the summer I wander around in it, looking for subjects—I'm a landscape painter—and Caroline comes with me."

"I'm a brush-cleaner," Caroline put in.

"You are indeed, you are indeed," Henry agreed, patting her hand. "Now, gentlemen, what has happened is that we have anchored the caravan, set out for a walk, and now we can't find it."

"The caravan? You mean it's been stolen?" Dawlish asked.

"Oh, no, no. I hardly think so. I scarcely imagine that. We've simply forgotten where we've put it."

"We got very tired, looking," Caroline explained, "and we hadn't anything to eat. So we've come into town for tea and then we'll have to look some more."

"We tried to get into the café downstairs," Henry went on, "but it seems to be closed for some reason. Then I saw your plate—and I must say I was *most* intrigued—and I thought perhaps you could advise us."

"How about notifying the police?" Tim suggested. "They'd find it for you."

Henry shook his head. "I don't want to do that, no, I really mustn't do that."

Tim nodded. "All right. Then I'll tell you what we'll do. I've got a car of sorts parked at the petrol station. I'll get it out and we'll drive around and have a good look."

"But first we'll have some tea," Dawlish said. "Don't forget these people are starving."

"That's most kind of you," Henry said, "really most kind."

"Ethel leaves us something in the kitchen on early closing days," Tim said. "I'll pop down and see what there is."

"What, send a man with a wooden leg down all those stairs?" Dawlish said. "Tut! *I'll* go!"

Tim grinned amiably and sat down again on the easy chair, but Henry could not help wincing. The curly-haired young man—Mandewake, apparently—was no doubt a privileged person, but surely it was unnecessary. . . . Then Dawlish moved for the first time from the window and crossed the room, and Henry realized that he was even more privileged than he had supposed. He sat down rather helplessly and looked out of the window.

Caroline was less inhibited. "Have you *both* got wooden legs?" she asked, as Dawlish closed the door behind him.

Tim smiled at her. "Yes. But they're not really wooden, you know—they're quite complicated. We can do all sorts of things with them."

"Caroline likes to find out about things," Henry said apologetically.

"Of course. I suppose it must seem an odd coincidence. It isn't really; we didn't know each other—before. I advertised for someone similar to myself to go into partnership, and Pete replied."

"But what made you decide on this particular line of business?" Henry asked.

"I thought if we could stop people doing things for us and have a go at doing things for *them* it would be good for us. We're going to have an office in London, but we're trying it out here first. It should be all right—Pete's marvellous with people—easy; he used to be on the stage, maybe that's a help. I'm not so good at that, but I do like coping with things."

There was a sharp kick on the door.

Tim opened the door and Dawlish came in with a tray of cups, plates, sandwiches, buns and bottles of lemonade.

"Still or fizzy?" he asked Caroline, as he set it down on the desk.

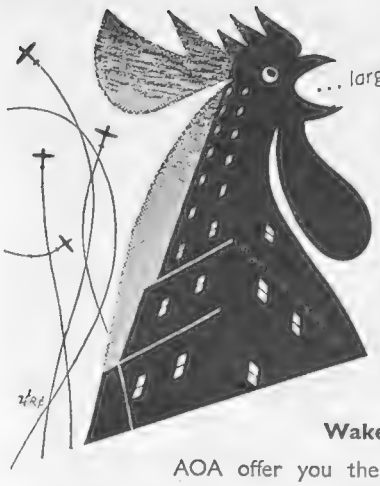
"Fizzy, please. But——" she cast a look of anxious politeness over the other three, "grown-ups usually prefer still."

"Not me," Dawlish assured her. "Anyway, we can open both."

Suddenly, in the silence that followed the handing round of sandwiches, the sharp sound of a horse's hooves and the rumble of wheels came clearly up from the street. Henry, who was by the window, flung his sandwich to the floor, leaned out into the street and began to shout at the top of his voice:

"You! You there! That's my caravan! Stop! *Please* stop!"

The window was instantly congested as Tim and Dawlish (*Continued on page 70*)



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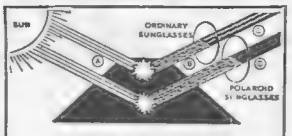

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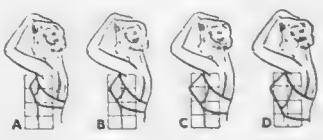

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and Caroline all tried to look out at once.

"Good Lord—Ethel!" Dawlish said.

"*And* the butcher's boy!" Tim said. "He's abducting her!"

"In *my* caravan?" Henry was so amazed that he stopped shouting.

The butcher's boy, perched on the front of the blue-and-white van, looked up at the window with a devilish grin as he urged the horse into a trot.

"All right," said Tim. "I'm after them. You folks stay here and get on with your tea." And with surprising speed he was on his way downstairs.

"I'd better go with him," Henry said, and started for the door. But Dawlish caught his arm.

"No, let him go. He'll get it back all right."

They turned back to the window and saw Tim climbing into his car outside the petrol station. He started it up and was off.

"That boy must have had it all the time," Henry said.

"No, I saw him on his bicycle only a few minutes before you came. He must have found it wherever you'd left it."

"Well, I'm glad *someone* found it," Henry said, and sat down and took another sandwich, his worries over.

Caroline, too, had accepted the fact that the caravan was found, and turned to other matters. She was examining the printed notepaper on the desk.

"Why does *he*," she asked, nodding her head towards the window, "call you 'Pete,' when your initial is D?"

"Because my name is Dawlish."

"Why is it?"

"That's where my parents first met, and they were very sentimental. It was unlucky for me, wasn't it?"

"Oh, I don't know," Henry said meditatively, "I really don't know. They could have met at Oberammagau—or Little Snoring."

"*He* says——," Caroline nodded at the window again, "you were an actor once."

Dawlish laughed. "He doesn't do me justice. I was an actor several times. I was a spear-carrier—twice—and I was assistant to a murderer, *and* a village idiot, *and* a footman. Quite a career I had."

"But you were only just beginning," Henry said. "What a shame that. What a pity you——"

"No," Dawlish said. "I wouldn't have been a success. I'm learning to play the guitar instead."

"Where is it?" Caroline asked.

"The guitar? In that cupboard. You can get it out, if you like."

She did like. She carried it carefully to Dawlish.

"Would you play *now*?"

"Oh, yes," said Henry enthusiastically. "I wish you would, I really wish you would." And he began to play. Dear Lord, please let Tim get the caravan back all right, he thought. Then he began to sing:

"Alas, my love, you do me wrong,
To cast me off discourteously . . ."

He had a most agreeable voice for singing an old song. . . .

So they did not hear the horse and the wheels returning until he had struck the last note and their little sighs of pleasure had fluttered into the air.

Then Dawlish put the guitar down and went quickly to the window. They all looked down again and saw the caravan and the puzzled horse drawing up at the pavement's edge, and Tim, red in the face and beaming with elation, holding the reins. Climbing down, very hang-dog, were the butcher's boy in his blue serge and Ethel.

"I told Jim he shouldn't have," she called up to the window. "Really I did, Mr. Mandewake, but he said it would be ever such a lark and before I knew we were off!"

"You was dying to have a ride, you know you was," the butcher's boy told her sourly.

"Don't wrangle, children," Henry said pleasantly. "See that you don't do it again, and we'll forget it this time. Here, go to the pictures or something." He threw two half-crowns down. Expertly the butcher's boy caught them. "Thank you, sir, thank you, I'm sure. It was only for a bit of fun, you know, but if I'd known it was yours I wouldn't never have took it." With which winning declaration he turned briskly away in the direction of the cinema. Ethel, since he had pocketed both the half-crowns, cast a final languishing look at Tim and followed.

"Well, there you are," Tim said.

The other three filed down the stairs and out on to the pavement.

Henry popped inside the caravan and appeared a few moments later, breathing strenuously on a piece of paper.

"I must thank you for your efficiency and kindness," he said. "I must thank you for . . . you really are most unusual young men . . . you have cheered me up . . . it has been a delightful, yes, exactly that, a delightful afternoon. I don't know how much . . . what your fees . . . here is a cheque . . . what I think appropriate . . . what it is worth to

Brandersnack and Mandewake

me . . . the whole thing has been so . . . I only give what I think suitable."

"Thank you," Tim said, taking the folded cheque and delicately placing it in his breast pocket.

They all smiled at each other happily.

"It's beginning to be evening," Caroline said gently.

They drove slowly out of the town. As they crossed the bridge Caroline said: "I'm glad we've found it, of course, but I'm glad we lost it."

"Yes," Henry said, "I'm glad, too."

Tim and Dawlish watched them go over the bridge and towards the green hills. Then they climbed the stairs slowly.

"I'll catch my breath before I fetch the car," Tim said.

"I'll come with you, we'll have that drink."

"They were nice, weren't they?" Tim said casually.

"Um. Very." Dawlish began to tidy up the plates and bottles, humming "Greensleeves." As he reached over the table for a cup he caught Tim's eye—and they gave up all pretence of not being excited.

"It isn't a crazy idea, is it?" Tim said.

"It's a wonderful idea. Hey, how much is that cheque for?"

Tim took it out of his pocket.

"Good God! Twenty pounds!"

"He's crazy!"

"I suppose that's why he made that speech about it only being what it was worth."

"I suppose so. How odd."

"It's going to be all right, you see."

"We won't get twenty pounds every time. Everybody won't be like them."

"No, of course not. They'll all be different. But it's going to be all right."

Dawlish smiled. "How do you feel now, Tim?"

"I feel fine! Did you hear what he said? He said we cheered him up."

"Yes, he did, didn't he? Come on, let's take these contraptions round to the local."

And the evening began. The old man, who had slept untroubled through the coming and going of the horse and caravan, awoke suddenly for no reason at all, and shuffled away home. The cat prowled off behind the Post Office on business of its own. Closing the door that said "Brandersnack and Mandewake" behind them, two young men walked jerkily across the road, and as they turned the corner you could hear them laughing. Then the square was quite empty.

END

Books

(*Continued from page 32*)

from 1938 onwards, after joining up as a "Coy Ass" (Company Assistant), she had worked hard helping to build the women's army into the fine wartime auxiliary it became. Perhaps there is an overload of routine detail in **"As Thoughts Survive"** (Hutchinson, 21s.), but she tells her A.T.S. story factually, patiently, earning praise for her courage and leadership by Controller Commandant the Princess Royal.

AS novelist Ivy Compton-Burnett is an acquired taste and by no means everyone's. In **"Two Worlds and Their Ways"** (Gollancz, 10s. 6d.) she takes a family group—Sir Roderick and Lady Shelley, their children and relations—and sets them discussing the finer shades of second-marriage complications. They go on talking for the rest of the book, until you feel you have strayed into a parrot-house and concur with Sir Roderick when he remarks to the governess: "A queer household, Miss Petticoat?" But gradually character and situation emerge. He has a skeleton in the family cupboard; Lady S. is no Caesar's wife, above suspicion; there is an upset over a missing ear-ring. A story for those who prefer the intellectual subtleties of literary dialogue to action and drama.

JOAN GRANT has something new in ghosts—one in a straw boater, swinging a croquet mallet! It haunts, with other spectres, Castle Cloud, the Highland home to which the Laird brings his U.S. millionairess bride after a French honeymoon, and takes a lot of complicated explaining in **"The Laird and the Lady"** (Methuen, 12s. 6d.). At least it is a change from the Nile phantoms of her *Winged Pharaoh*, but . . . well . . . a *croquet mallet*! Miss Grant is so good at the supernormal that she could probably get a psychic thrill out of a soap coupon.

COL—OS—SAL is the only word for Ross Lockridge's U.S. epic of plus-1,000 packed pages: **"Raintree County"** (MacDonald, 15s.). You need to go into purdah, or a nursing home, to tackle it, and if I had to read every line press-day would overtake me before I'd read anything else. It is the story of Johnny Shawnessy who grew up in the Middle West, lost his first love to a rival, went through the Civil War, and saw his chequered life and loves against a county of the spirit more than the map. A universe is in this tale. Good reading, till we meet again on Judgment Day!

Philip Lindsay on Thomas, Lord Seymour, who married Henry VIII's widow, Katherine Parr, is commendation enough for **"The Loves of My Lord Admiral"** (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.), in his best historical vein. Michael Innes needs no boost for his latest in mystery-detection, **"The Journeying Boy"** (Gollancz, 10s. 6d.), which turns on the kidnapping of an eminent physicist's son and ends with a hell of a pitched battle round a blazing house after a brilliant quest pointed with character and humour. J. K. Stanford's **"Guns Wanted"** (Faber, 15s.) is a fantastically funny shootin' yarn with characters as ripe as the richest in Jorrocksy sportin' prints—and the drawings by A. M. Hughes that illustrate it.

OTHER books recommended to readers include:

FICTION

"Murder Most Royal," by Jean Plaidy (Robert Hale, 10s. 6d.); **"Winter Landscape,"** by Neville Brand (Robert Hale, 8s. 6d.); **"The Lost Chart,"** by Neil M. Gunn (Faber, 10s. 6d.); **"The Day After Tomorrow,"** by B. Montagu Scott (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.); **"The Three Fears,"** by Jonathan Stagge (Michael Joseph, 8s.6d.); **"Step Down, Elder Brother,"** by Josephina Niggli (Sampson Low, 10s. 6d.); **"Death Goes On Skis,"** by Nancy Spain (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.)

END

1.8.49

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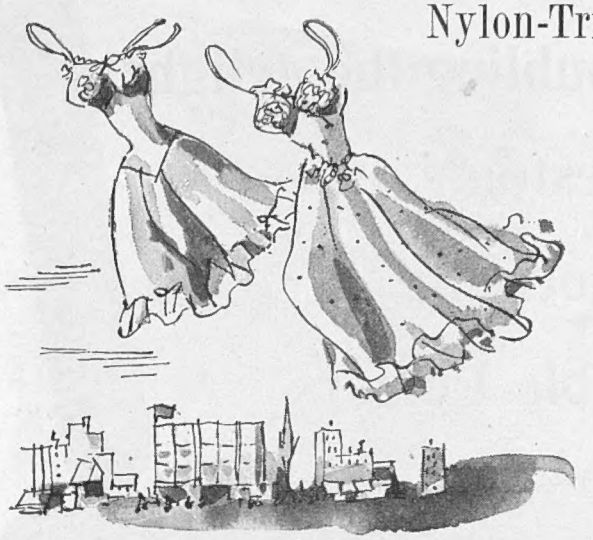

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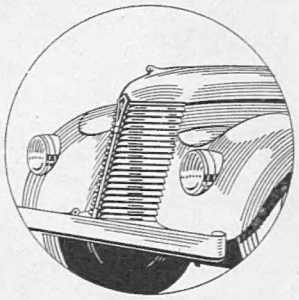

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1 pint water
3 level teasps. Lemco Consommé
2 level dessertsps. powdered gelatine
2 tablespoonsful mayonnaise
1 tablespoonful chopped olives or gherkins
1 teasp. grated onion
2 tablesps. grated carrot
1 tablespoon finely chopped fresh parsley
Small pieces of washed anchovies or hard cooked egg if liked.
Salad plants to garnish.

Sprinkle gelatine on to the water, add Lemco Consommé, stir and heat slowly until both are dissolved. Strain into a basin and cool. Add mayonnaise and, when the jelly begins to thicken, stir in the other ingredients. Pour into six individual metal moulds, rinsed out with cold water, and chill. When quite firm turn out and garnish with tiny pieces of lettuce or watercress and radish roses.

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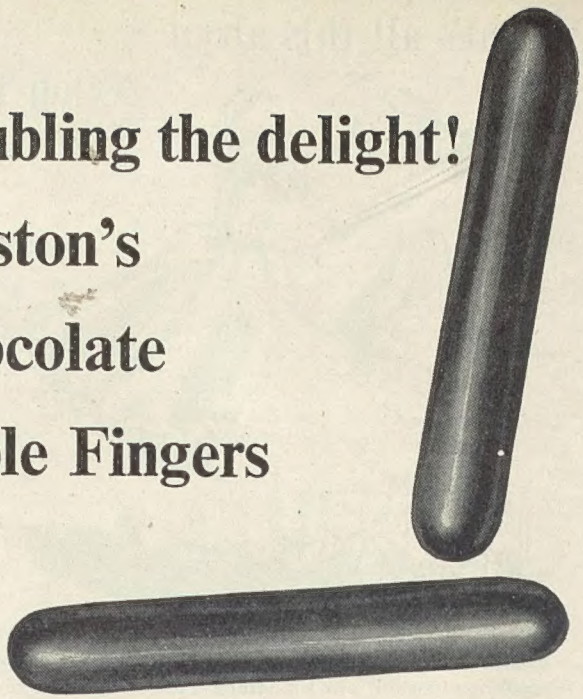

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